

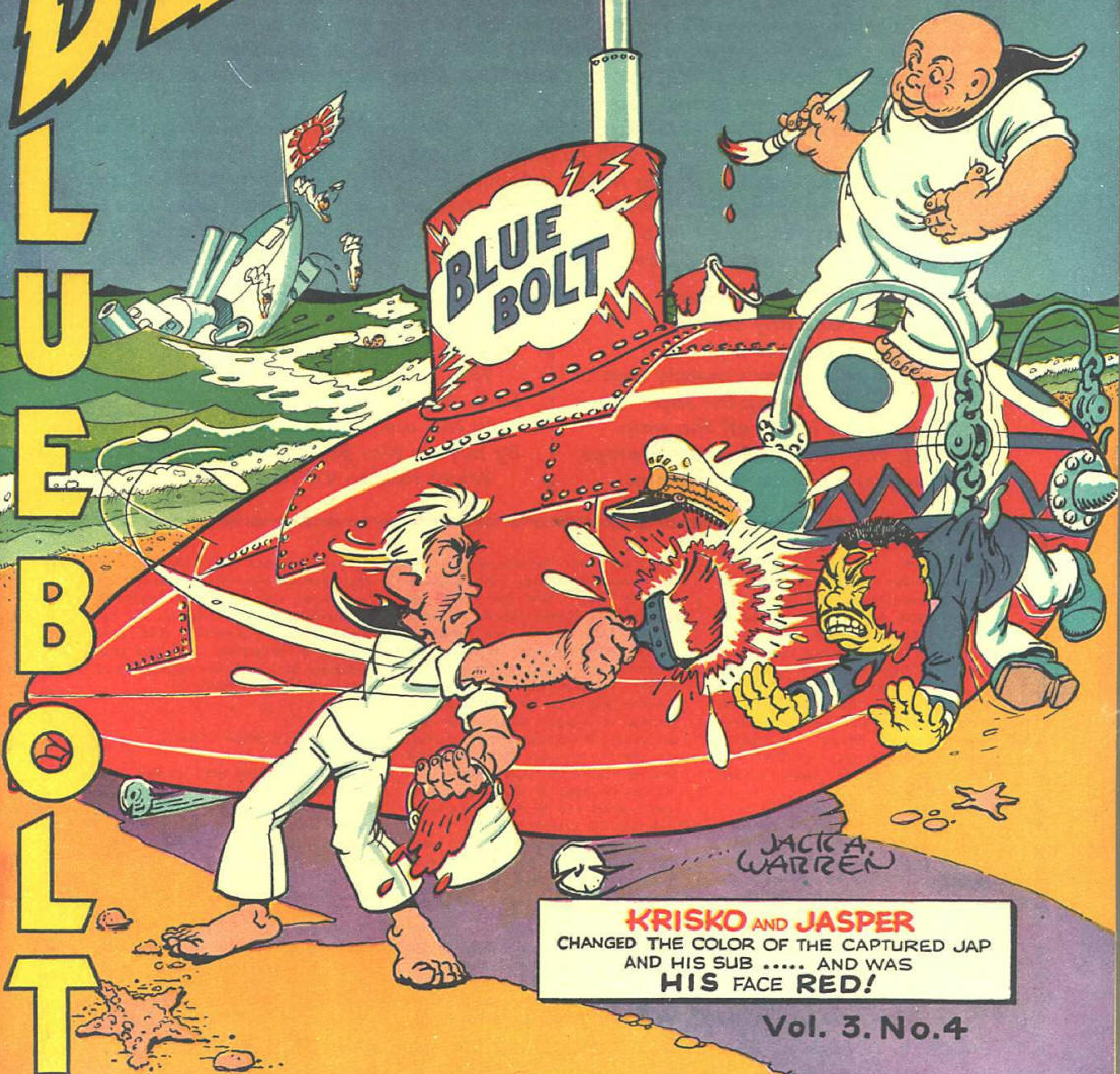
FEATURING

DICK COLE
EDISON BELL
SERGEANT SPOOK

September

BLUE BOLT

10¢



KRISKO AND JASPER
CHANGED THE COLOR OF THE CAPTURED JAP
AND HIS SUB AND WAS
HIS FACE RED!

Vol. 3. No. 4



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!

HEY, BILL!

WAIT UP!

THOUGH WE TRAVEL
IN LANDS AS DISTANT
AS A STAR ♪♪♪
WE'LL ALWAYS BE
NEAR TO FARR.
♪♪♪

'LO DICK!
HI, FELLERS!

HAVE A NICE
VACATION,
DICK?

SURE FEELS
GREAT TO BE
BACK, SIMBA!

'RAY, FARR!
HI, FELLERS!

ANOTHER
CHEERY,
SUNSHINY
SUMMER VACATION
OVER THE
STALWART CADETS
OF
FARR MILITARY
ACADEMY
RETURN TO
SCHOOL AGAIN,
TO RENEW OLD
FRIENDSHIPS
AND RIVALRIES
AND RELIVE
THE TRADITIONS
OF FARR... LITTLE
REALIZING THE
SURPRISE THAT
AWAITS THEM ALL!

HOT DOG!

A GROUP OF CADETS
PILE OUT OF THE
BUS THAT HAS BROUGHT
THEM FROM THE
RAILROAD STATION.

A FEW MINUTES
LATER, A BUGLE
RINGS OUT THE CALL
TO "ASSEMBLY"...

...AND THE CADETS RUSH TO THE FARR QUADRANGLE!

SWELL TO GET
BACK TO THE
OLD PLACE,
EH, SIMBA?

RIGHT
DRESS!

YEAH-BUT I
HARDLY HAD A CHANCE
TO OPEN MY SUITCASE

STEP ONIT!
YOU OLD
TURTLES!

MATOR FARR, HEAD OF THE ACADEMY, ADDRESSES THE CADETS!

AS YOU KNOW, OUR GREAT COUNTRY IS AT WAR, AND WE ARE INDEED PROUD OF FARR MEN WHO ARE SERVING THE FLAG WITH SUCH COURAGE AND UNSELFISHNESS!



IN BATAAN, JAVA, AUSTRALIA, PEARL HARBOR, JAPANESE WATERS—EVERYWHERE... THE CADETS OF FARR HAVE SERVED BRAVELY! CADETS LIKE TED DARE, EDDIE MARCH, JIM RULLEY, AND MANY OTHERS HAVE MADE AMERICA TAKE NOTICE!



IT IS MY GREAT HONOR TO "SEND OFF" MORE OF OUR BOYS, WHO LEAVE FOR OFFICERS' TRAINING SCHOOL TODAY AND HAVE COME TO SAY "GOODBYE" TO FARR!



SUDDENLY, DICK COLE RUSHES FORWARD!

LET'S GIVE 'EM A REAL SENDOFF, FELLOWS!

HOORAY!
HOORAY!
HOORAY!



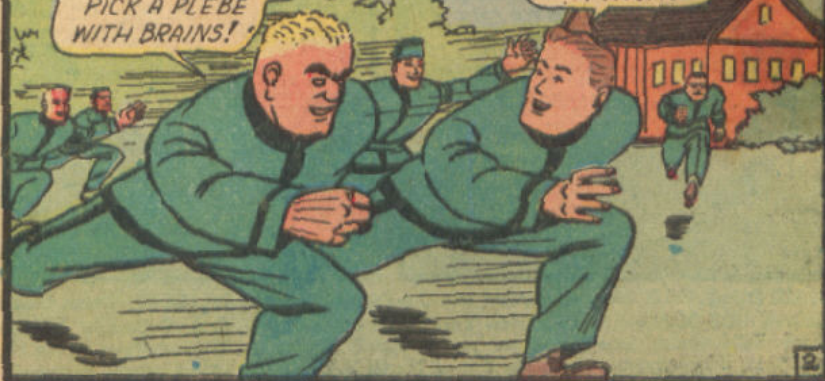
... BECAUSE OF THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY, THERE WILL BE FEWER INSTRUCTORS, AND EACH NEW PLEBE WILL BE ASSIGNED TO A SENIOR CADET, ACCORDING TO THE LIST ALREADY ON THE BULLETIN BOARD. CARRY ON!

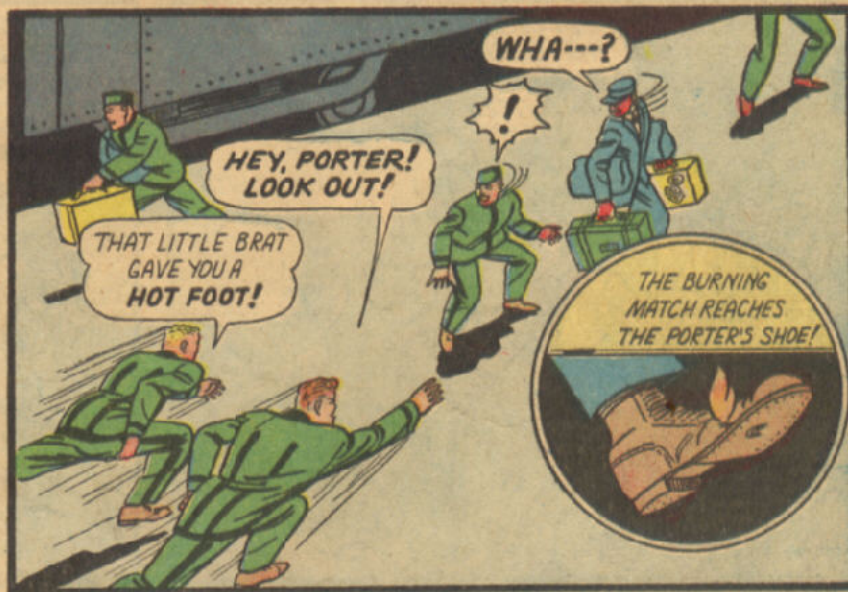


AFTER THE "BREAK RANKS" COMMAND, THE CADETS HURRY OVER TO THE BULLETIN BOARD.

IF I'VE GOTTA PLAY NURSEMAID, AT LEAST I HOPE I PICK A PLEBE WITH BRAINS!

DON'T WORRY, SIMBA—THEY'RE ALL GOOD IF THEY COME TO FARR!





SIMBA QUICKLY FINDS HIS NEW CHARGE, AND TOGETHER WITH DICK AND OBIE, STARTS BACK TO THE ACADEMY.

SHORE THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT AT FARR, MISTER SIMBA!

THIS JOE DALY'S O.K. BUT DICK'S GONNA HAVE HIS HANDS FULL WITH OBIE!

YOU BET JOE!

THE NEXT DAY, AT CAVALRY INSTRUCTION, OBIE WINTERS PROVES HIMSELF TO BE AN EXPERT HORSEMAN!

CADET WINTERS SURE CAN RIDE, CAN'T HE, SIR?

QUITE!

HOW'M I DOIN', FELLERS?

THE KID'S GOOD!

WOW!

CADET COLE WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE PROPER FORM FOR STEEPLE-CHASING. WILL ONE OF YOU VOLUNTEER TO GET A 'JUMPER'?

GOOD BOY!

I WILL, CAPTAIN SMITH.

OBIE WINTERS GALLOPS BACK TO THE NEARBY STABLES AND SWIFTLY RETURNS WITH A THOROUGHBREED 'JUMPER'!

HA-HA! NOW FOR A LITTLE FUN!

...JUST A LITTLE BURR UNDER THE SADDLE!

DICK MOUNTS THE STEEPLECHASER.

THANKS A LOT, OBIE!

HA-HA-HA! YOU'RE PERFECTLY WELCOME, DICK!

DICK WALKS THE HORSE OUT TO THE PLACE WHERE THE DIFFICULT WATER JUMP IS SET UP.

THIS HORSE SEEMS TO BE A BIT JITTERY-BUT I GUESS HE'S ALL RIGHT!

WHOA, BOY!

ALL READY FOR THE JUMP, CADET COLE?

WAIT TILL HE STARTS TO GALLOP! HA-HA-HA-HA!

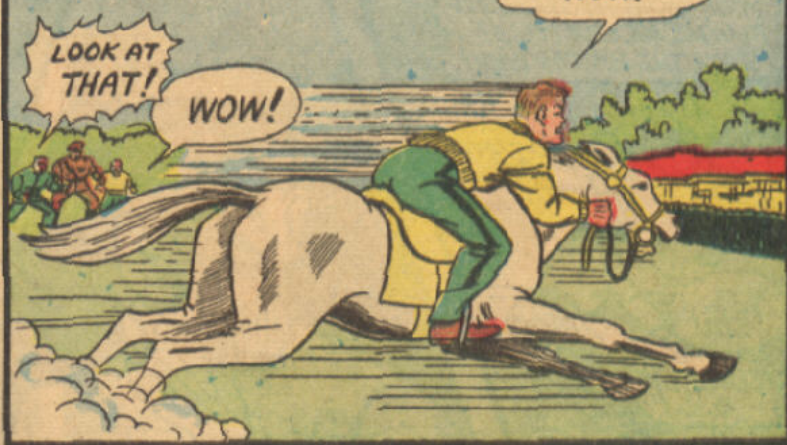
?

DICK GALLOPS THE THOROUGHBRED TOWARD THE WATER JUMP, WHEN SUDDENLY....



STEADY, BOY-
STEADY!

WILD WITH PAIN FROM THE BURR,
THE HORSE DASHES FOR THE HURDLE...

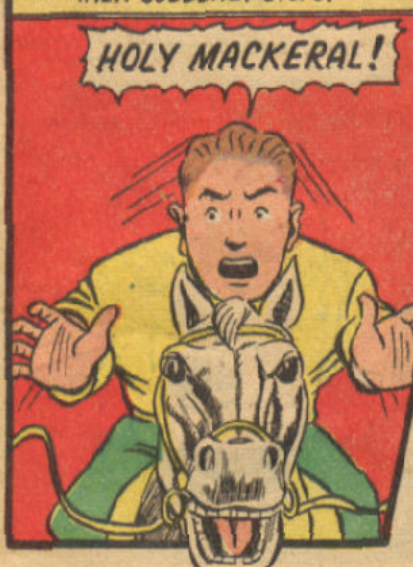


LOOK AT
THAT!

WOW!

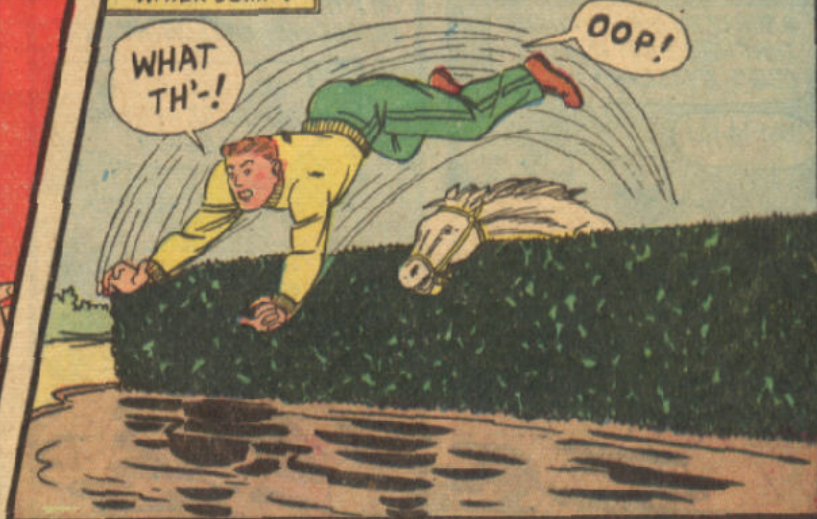
WHAT IN THE WORLD GOT
INTO THIS HORSE!
WOW!

.... THEN SUDDENLY STOPS!...



HOLY MACKERAL!

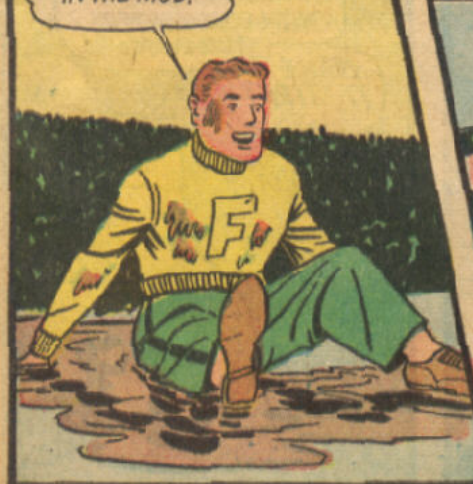
.... AND SENDS DICK HURLING THROUGH THE AIR OVER THE
WATER JUMP!



WHAT
TH'-!

OOO!

BOY, AM I STUCK
IN THE MUD!



MEANWHILE, THE GREEN CADETS ROAR WITH LAUGHTER AS SIMBA AND
CAPTAIN SMITH RUSH OFF TO DICK!

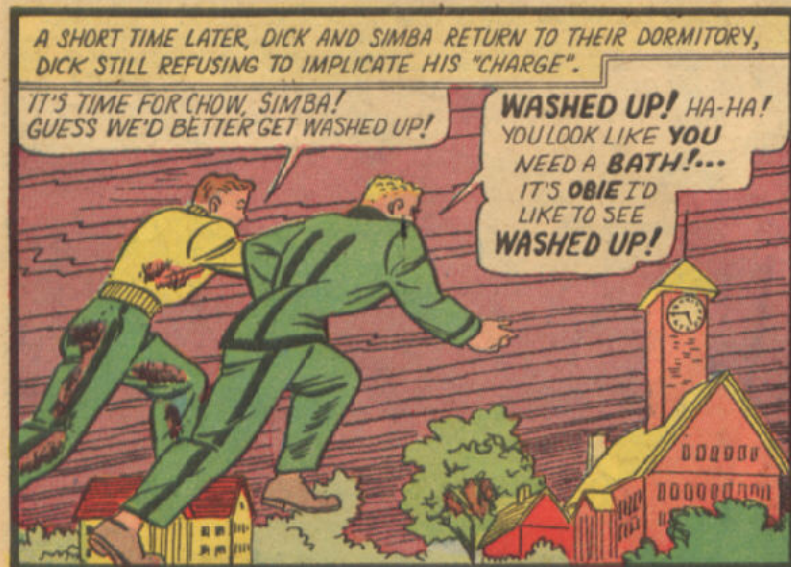
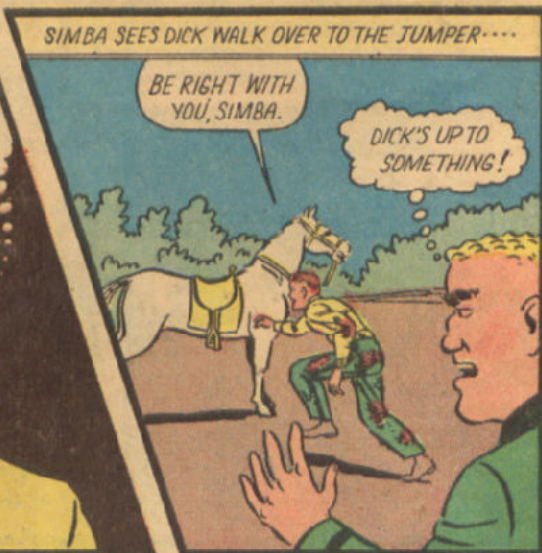


HA-HA! HA-HA! HE FLEW THROUGH
THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST
OF EASE!

I HOPE DICK IS
ALL RIGHT!

SO DO I!

SURE WAS FUNNY!
I THOUGHT DICK COLE WAS A
WONDERFUL RIDER!



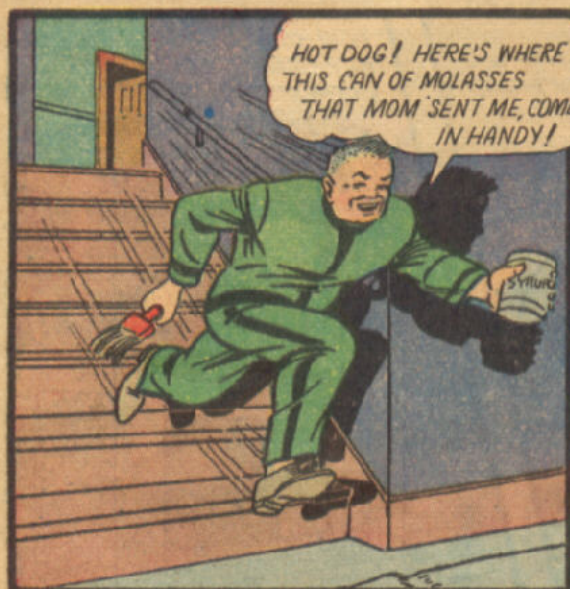
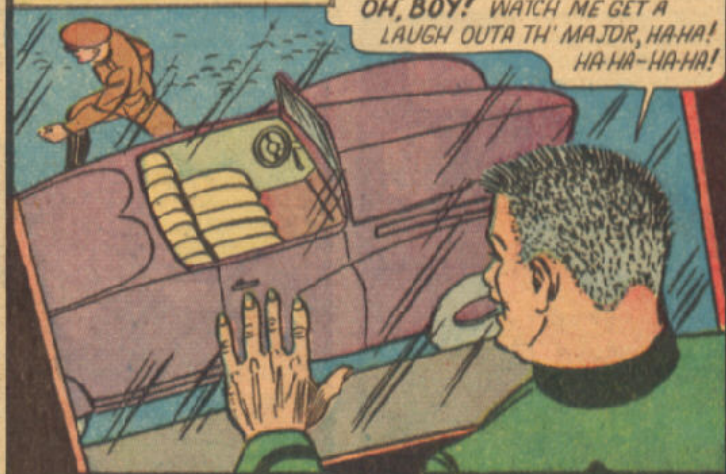
THAT EVENING, STUDIES ARE OUT OF THE QUESTION FOR FUN-LOVING OBIE WINTERS. HE CRAVES A LAUGH—EXCITEMENT!

GOSH! IT SURE WAS FUNNY ABOUT DICK COLE THIS AFTERNOON!

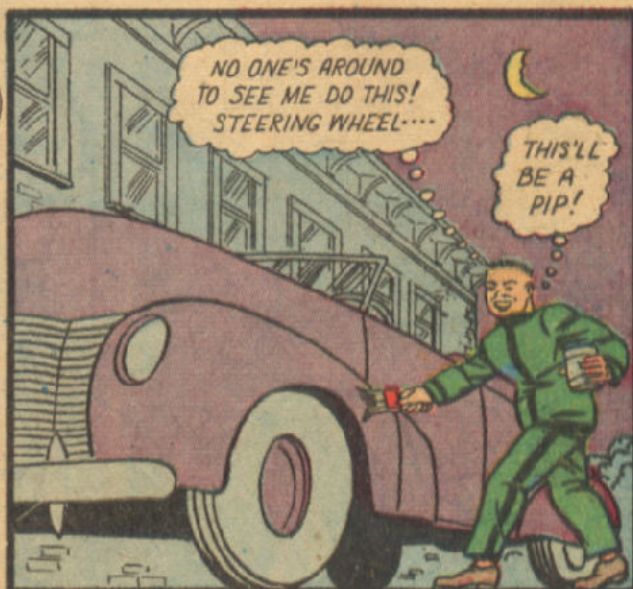
HE'S SURE A RIGHT GUY! ...GLAD HE DIDN'T HURT HIMSELF!

AS HE PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW HE SEES MAJOR FARR LEAVE HIS CAR....

OH, BOY! WATCH ME GET A LAUGH OUTA TH' MAJOR, HA-HA! HA-HA-HA-HA!

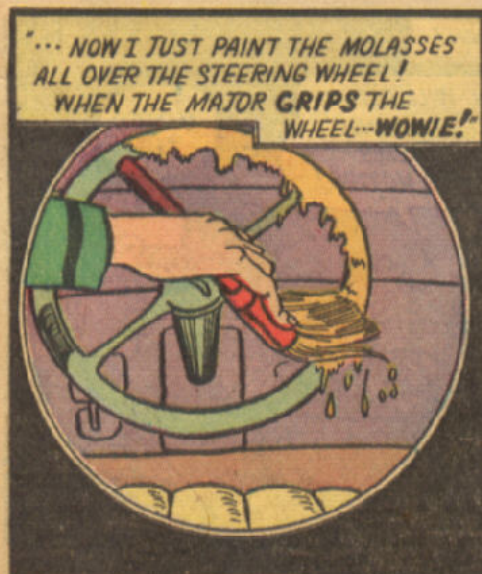


HOT DOG! HERE'S WHERE THIS CAN OF MOLASSES THAT MOM SENT ME, COMES IN HANDY!



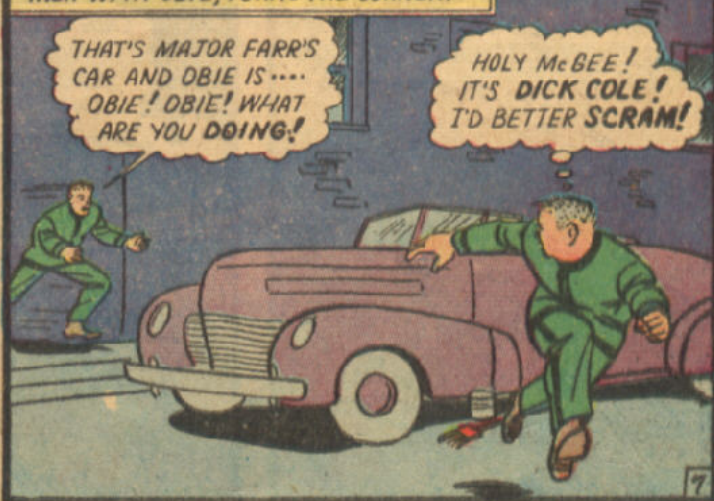
NO ONE'S AROUND TO SEE ME DO THIS! STEERING WHEEL....

THIS'LL BE A PIP!



... NOW I JUST PAINT THE MOLASSES ALL OVER THE STEERING WHEEL! WHEN THE MAJOR GRIPS THE WHEEL...WOWIE!

BUT DICK, WHO HAS COME TO HAVE THE "HEART-TO-HEART" TALK WITH OBIE, TURNS THE CORNER!



THAT'S MAJOR FARR'S CAR AND OBIE IS ... OBIE! OBIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

HOLY McBEE! IT'S DICK COLE! I'D BETTER SCRAM!

OBIE QUICKLY DROPS THE CAN AND BRUSH, AND DASHES INTO THE DORMITORY!

WOW! IF I EVER GET REPORTED FOR THIS!

?

AS DICK RUSHES OVER AND PICKS UP WHAT HIS WARD HAS DROPPED....

SYRUP! WHY THAT CUCKOO KID OUGHT TO...

JUST THEN, MAJOR FARR RETURNS!

WHY-HELLO THERE, CADET COLE! SURPRISED TO SEE YOU OVER HERE ON THE PLEBE CAMPUS!

ER-HELLO, MAJOR FARR, SIR!

WERE YOU GOING TO PAINT SOMETHING CADET COLE?

ER... I'M AFRAID THE PAINTING HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, SIR!

FROM HIS WINDOW, A HALF-TERRIFIED, HALF-LAUGHING OBIE WINTERS WATCHES.

JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS! HE'S GONNA PUT HIS HANDS ON THAT WHEEL!!! WHAT'LL DICK TELL HIM?

OH H-- I'M SUNK!

WELL, I MUST BE GOI- WHAT! SYRUP!! WHAT-WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS... THIS JOKE, CADET COLE??

MAJOR FARR BLAMES DICK!

CADET COLE, YOU WILL RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS, AND NOT REPORT TO YOUR CLASSES UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!

Y-YES SIR!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS IN THE DORM, OBIE WINTERS ROARS WITH LAUGHTER... SEEING THAT DICK DIDN'T IMPLICATE HIM!

HA, HA-HA! **GOSH!** MY SIDES ARE GONNA SPLIT!... THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO **COLE!** HA-HA!



DICK DECIDES TO SHOULDER THE BLAME... FEELING OBIE IS HIS PROBLEM. HE GOES TO THE ROOM HE SHARES WITH SIMBA.

GOSH! OBIE DOESN'T MEAN ANY **HARM**... HE'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO DO 'MOST ANYTHING TO GET A **LAUGH!**



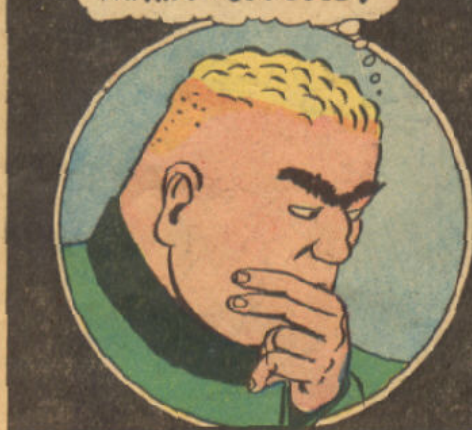
DICK TELLS SIMBA WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

SO YOU'RE TAKING **HIS** PUNISHMENT? WHY, THAT **BRAT** DESERVES A GOOD **THRASHING!**



NO, SIMBA. AFTER ALL, I'M **RESPONSIBLE** FOR OBIE... SO IT'S BETTER TO JUST LEAVE THINGS ALONE... FOR **NOW!**

SO... OBIE WINTERS THINKS HE'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY PAL'S GOOD NATURE, EH?... WELL, I'M GONNA FIX HIM... **BUT GOOD!**



THE NEXT DAY, OBIE RECEIVES A NOTE!



HOLY CHESTNUTS! WHO IN THE WORLD COULD BE SENDING ME A NOTE?

WOW-WOW-! TH' **SECRET SIX!** I-I'D BETTER GO!

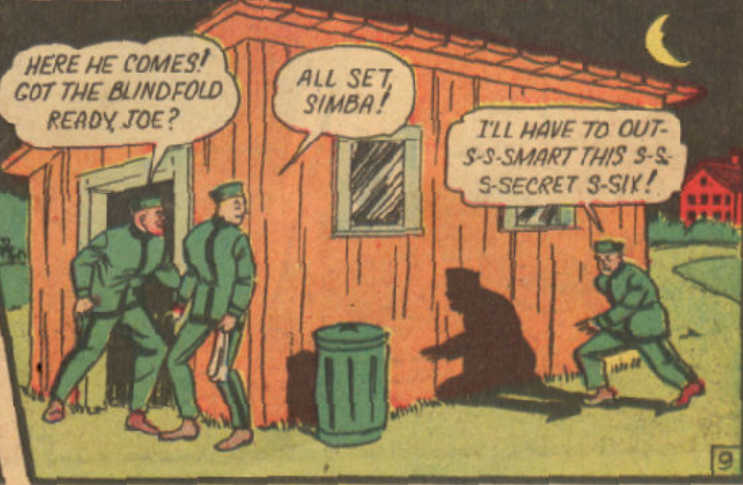


THAT NIGHT, AS OBIE, SCARED STIFF, APPROACHES THE OLD STOREHOUSE... SIMBA AND HIS WARD, JOE DALY, HIDE IN THE SHADOWS!

HERE HE COMES! GOT THE BLINDFOLD READY, JOE?

ALL SET, SIMBA!

I'LL HAVE TO OUT-S-S-SMART THIS S-S-S-SECRET 3-SIX!



SIMBA AND JOE, DISGUIISING THEIR VOICES, POUNCE UPON OBIE...
BLINDFOLD HIM!

NOW, THE SECRET SIX
WILL GIVE YOU WHAT
YOU DESERVE!

YES - OH.
GREAT LEADER!

U-ULP!

... AND SWIFTLY CARRY HIM INTO THE
NEARBY CELLAR OF DICK AND SIMBA'S
DORMITORY BUILDING.

UGG!

SILENCE! IN THE
NAME OF THE
SECRET SIX!

THEN, IN THE DARK, SIMBA'S
VOICE BOOMS OUT...

OBIE WINTERS...FOR YOUR
SINS AND TONES...YOU WILL
RECEIVE PUNISHMENT
SIXTY SIX!

OO-OO!

SIMBA
STRIKES
A MATCH...

... AND WEIRDLY LIGHTS UP A GLEAMING
SKULL, COATED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAH

SIMBA AND JOE DASH UP THE
STEPS TO THE STREET...

WE'LL JUST
LEAVE HIM IN
THE DARK FOR
AWHILE-THEN
GO BACK FOR HIM
LATER, JOE.

HE'S SHORE-
SCARED STIFF!
THIS OUGHTA
STOP THOSE
JOKES OF HIS,
SIMBA!

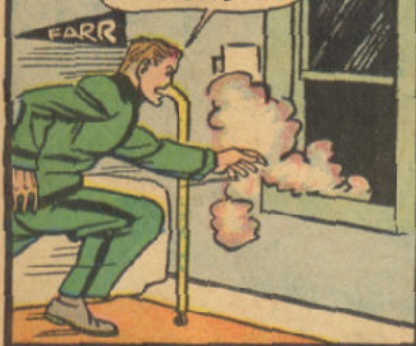
... NEVER REALIZING THAT
THE HOT MATCH HAS
FALLEN ON SOME PAPER
IN THE CELLAR!

THE FIRE SPREADS RAPIDLY AND HOT FLAMES
TRAP OBIE WINTERS!

Oooooooooo!

MEANWHILE, DICK, CONFINED TO HIS ROOM IN THE DORMITORY ABOVE, SMELLS THE SMOKE!

SMOKE! IT'S COMING FROM BELOW! WOW!

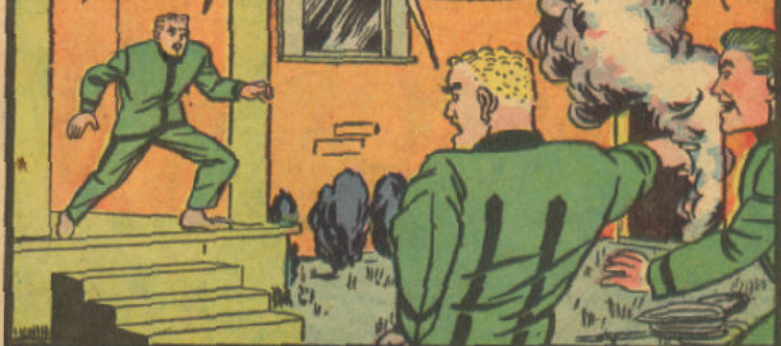


DICK TEARS DOWN THE STEPS TO THE STREET!... JUST AS JOE AND SIMBA RETURN!

SIMBA! JOE DALY! ... WHAT IN THE WORLD?...

DICK! DICK! IT'S OBIE! HE'S TRAPPED IN THE CELLAR!

WE-WE DIDN'T MEAN-



YOU AND JOE GRAB THAT HOSE AND SHOOT THE WATER INTO THE CELLAR WINDOW! I'M GOING IN TO GET HIM!



HERE I GO!

WATCH IT, DICK. BE CAREFUL!



DICK FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE SMOKE AND FIRE!

UGH! (COUGH) AH-H! (COUGH)

OH-H!



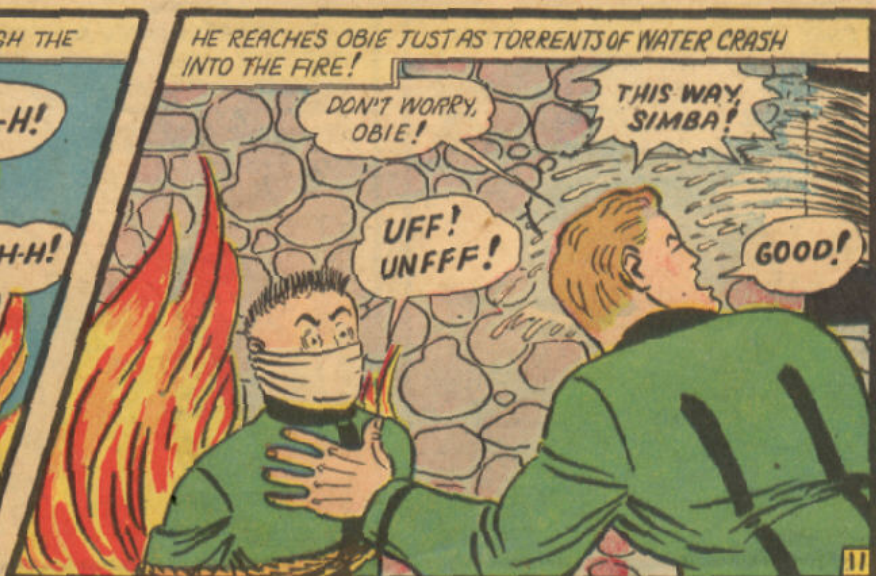
HE REACHES OBIE JUST AS TORRENTS OF WATER CRASH INTO THE FIRE!

DON'T WORRY, OBIE!

THIS WAY, SIMBA!

UFF! UNFFF!

GOOD!



DICK SWIFTLY CARRIES OBIE OUT TO THE STREET, AS SIMBA'S HOSE QUICKLY PUTS OUT THE FIRE, WITHOUT MUCH DAMAGE.

YOU BOTH OK?

GOOD THING IT'S A FIREPROOF CELLAR! **WHEW!**

G-G-GOSH! THAT WAS CLOSE! THANKS, DICK!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT!

OBIE WINTERS IS HUMBLE, AND GRATEFUL TO DICK FOR SAVING HIS LIFE.

I'M GOING TO TELL MAJOR FARR THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT MOLASSES, AND I'LL NEVER AGAIN PLAY ANY PRACTICAL JOKES.

...I HOPE!

LATER—

GEE, DICK—IT SURE WAS A LUCKY THING ALL THE CADETS WENT TO THE **BAZAAR** TONIGHT—OTHERWISE THE WHOLE DORMITORY WOULD KNOW ABOUT THE FIRE! **AND HOW!** 'NITE, SIMBA!

FARR

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING DICK COLE IS SUMMONED TO MAJOR FARR'S OFFICE.

CADET WINTERS HAS CONFESSED HIS PRANK AND YOU ARE OFFICIALLY EXCUSED, DICK!

THANK YOU, SIR! CADET WINTERS DOESN'T MEAN ANY HARM, SIR. HE'S JUST THOUGHTLESS.

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! ...BUT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! NO MORE PRANKS FOR ME!

CADET WINTERS IS A YOUNG, GREEN PLEBE, AND I WILL NOT PUNISH HIM!... HOWEVER, CADET COLE... FROM NOW ON YOU **WILL** BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OF HIS SO-CALLED...ER...JOKES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, DICK AND OBIE JOIN SIMBA AND WALK DOWN THE ROAD... OFF TO A BETTER START!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR ♀ ♀ TO FARR - ♀ ♀.

WELL, PERHAPS DICK IS RIGHT... OBIE **MAY** HAVE REFORMED... BUT I'M GOING TO KEEP MY EYE ON HIM JUST THE SAME!

RIGHT!

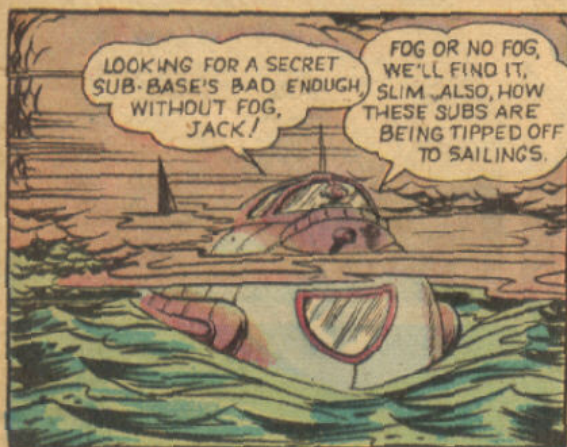
WE'LL ALL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN IF WE WANT TO KEEP UP WITH

YOUNG OBIE!

MORE NEXT MONTH.

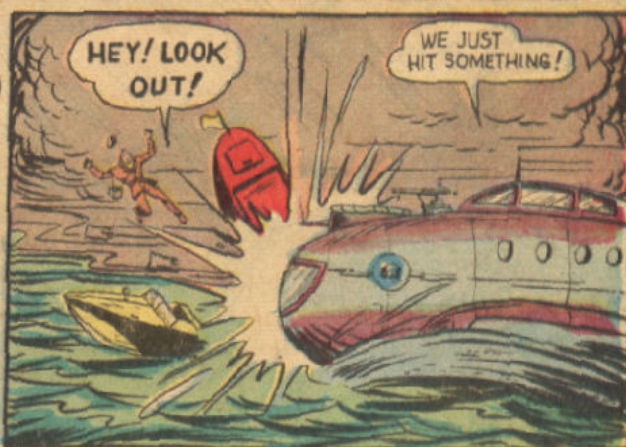
The PHANTOM SUB

OFF OUR WEST COAST, SHIP SINKINGS POINT TO SPIES, AND A HIDDEN SUBMARINE BASE! BUT, PATROLLING THESE WATERS IS THE PHANTOM SUB!



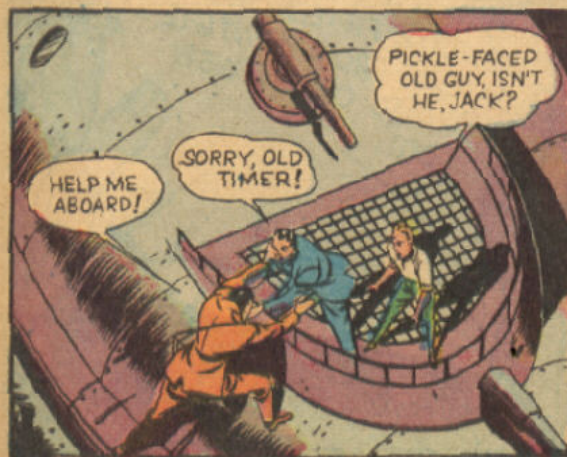
LOOKING FOR A SECRET SUB-BASE'S BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT FOG, JACK!

FOG OR NO FOG, WE'LL FIND IT, SLIM. ALSO, HOW THESE SUBS ARE BEING TIPPED OFF TO SAILINGS.



HEY! LOOK OUT!

WE JUST HIT SOMETHING!



HELP ME ABOARD!

SORRY, OLD TIMER!

PICKLE-FACED OLD GUY, ISN'T HE, JACK?



WHAT ABOUT THOSE PIGEONS, OLD MAN?

ON MY LITTLE ISLAND I RAISE THEM FOR A LIVING!

ISLAND? WE'LL HAVE TO LAND YOU ON THE MAINLAND!

AFTER LEAVING THE OLD MAN
ON SHORE

SLIM, REMEMBER
THAT FOGGY SPOT
ABOUT FIFTY MILES
OUT? WE'RE GOING
THERE!



SOMEHOW,
THE PIGEON MAN,
THAT FUNNY FOG,
AND THE SHIP
SINKINGS ADD
UP TOGETHER.

HEY
JACK!
LOOK!

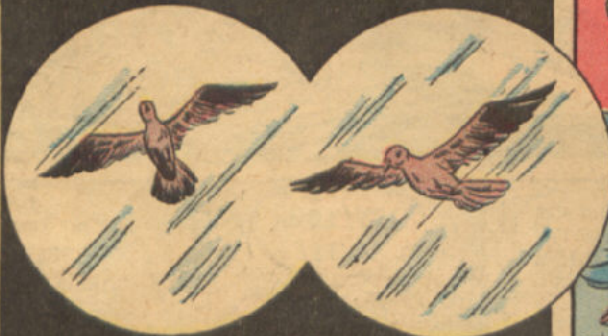


PIGEONS!
TWO OF 'EM,
HEADING THIS
WAY!

GIVE ME
THOSE
GLASSES!



TENSE
WITH EX-
CITEMENT,
JACK
NOTICES
THE
MESSAGE
CAPSULES
ATTACHED
TO THE LEG
OF EACH
BIRD. THEY
MUST BE
CARRIER
PIGEONS.



THAT BIRD'LL
LAND ON
THE SUB!

IT'S ACTING
FUNNY!



HOLY SMOKE!

SLIM, LOOK AT WHAT
THAT ADDLEHEADED
BIRD WAS CARRYING!

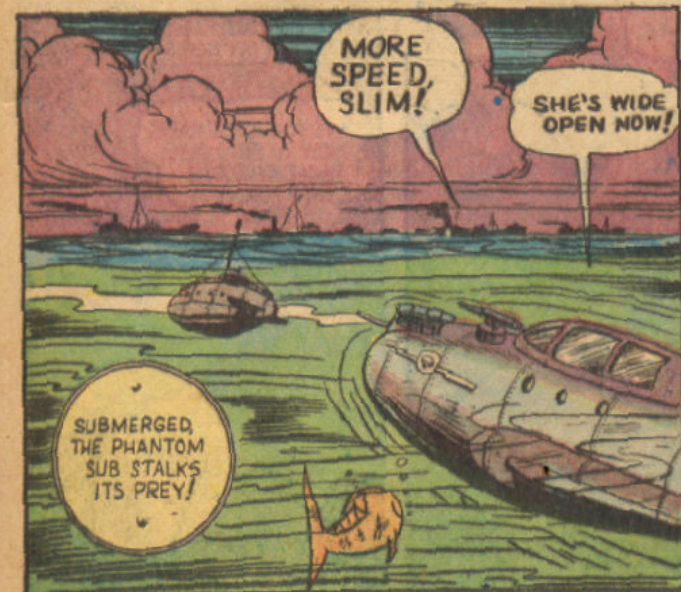
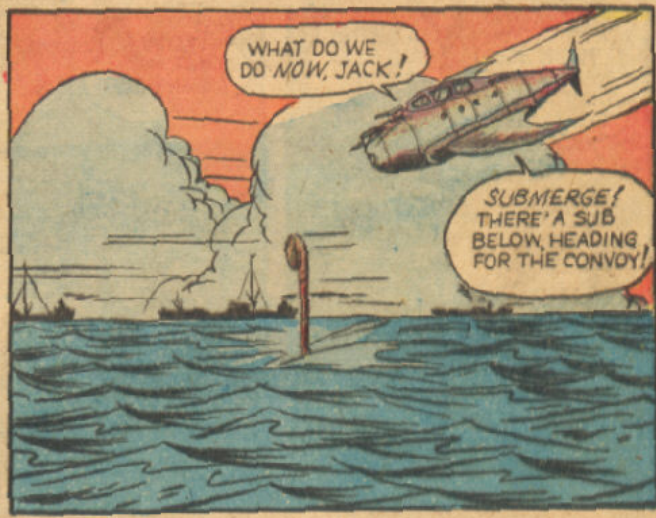
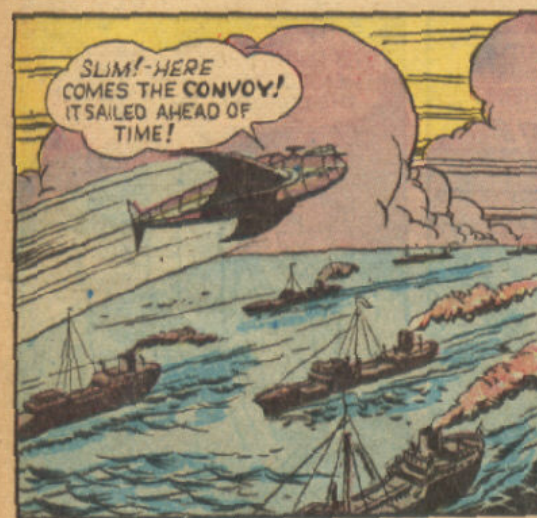
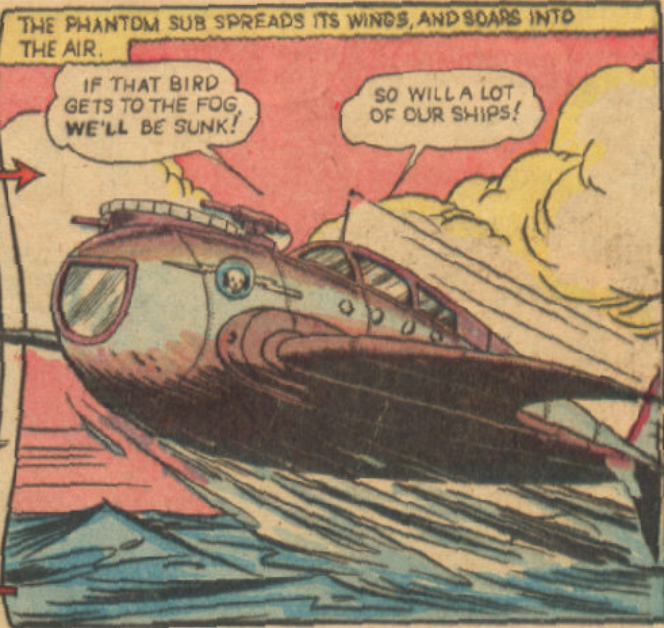
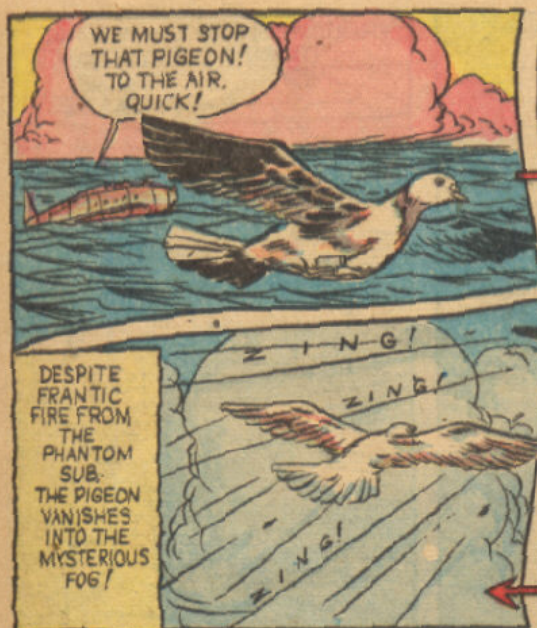
WOW!

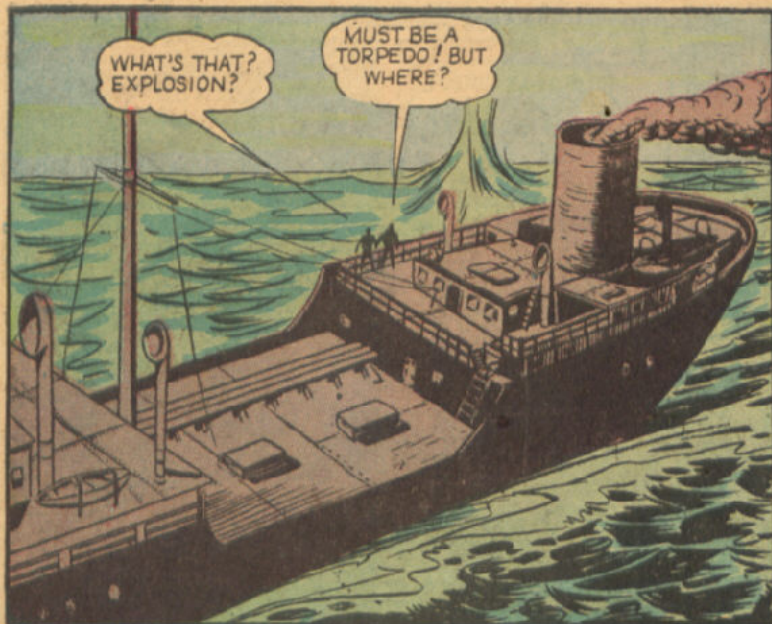
SPARK'S IS SENDING!
... HIS RADIO WAVES
MUST HAVE CONFUSED
THE BIRD!



CONVOY. FIFTEEN SHIPS
SAILING FROM POINT G-12
AT 4:50 COURSE WSW
001.

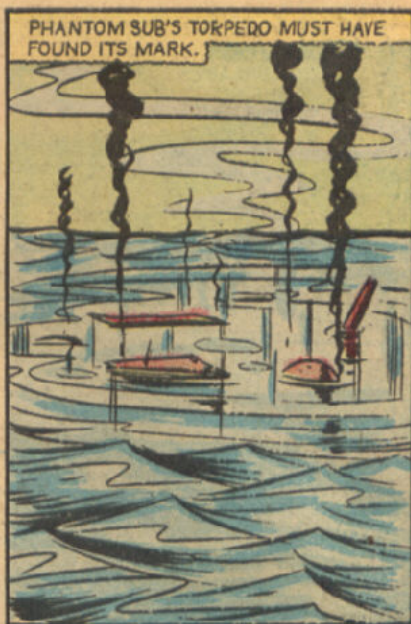






WHAT'S THAT?
EXPLOSION?

MUST BE A
TORPEDO! BUT
WHERE?

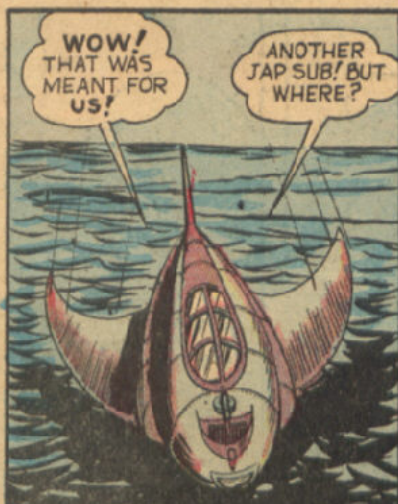


PHANTOM SUB'S TORPEDO MUST HAVE
FOUND ITS MARK.



THEIR SUB
NEST'S IN
THAT FOG. I'LL
FIX **THAT!**

A FLYING
SUB! I'M
SEEING
THINGS!



WOW!
THAT WAS
MEANT FOR
US!

ANOTHER
JAP SUB! BUT
WHERE?

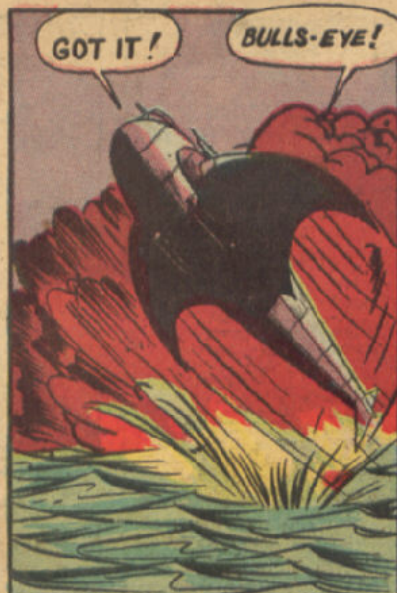


IT'S RIGHT BELOW,
HEADED FOR
THE CONVOY!

NO TIME
TO SUBMERGE!
I WONDER,
IF....?



A TORPEDO
WILL WORK AS
A DEPTH-BOMB.
WE'LL
FIND OUT!



GOT IT!

BULLS-EYE!



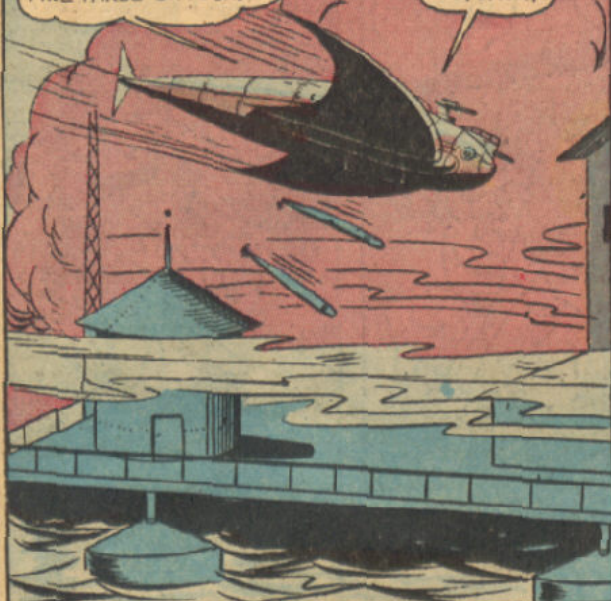
AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR
MORE ENEMY SUBS....

THE CONVOY'S SAFE.
NOW TO FIND OUT
WHAT GIVES IN
THAT FUNNY
FOG!

IN THE FOG OVER THE ENEMY SUB-BASE....

MAYBE TORPEDOES ARE GOOD AERIAL BOMBS, TOO. FIRE THREE OR FOUR.

THERE THEY GO, JACK!



AS THE TWO TORPEDOES STRIKE....



SO THAT'S IT... A FLOATING ISLAND BASE. OUR TORPEDOES WRECKED THE ARTIFICIAL FOG GENERATOR!

NOW, TO FIND THAT SPY NEST!

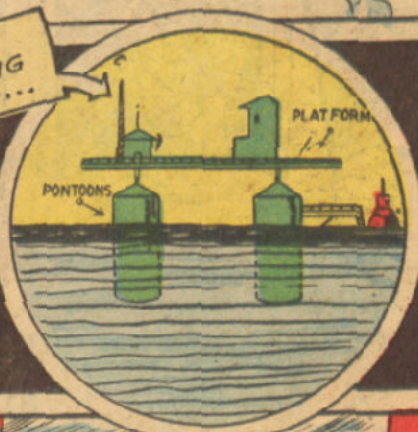


OUR CAPTIVE PIGEON SHOULD LEAD US TO THE SPIES. HOME WITH YOU, OLD BOY!

THAT'S AN IDEA!



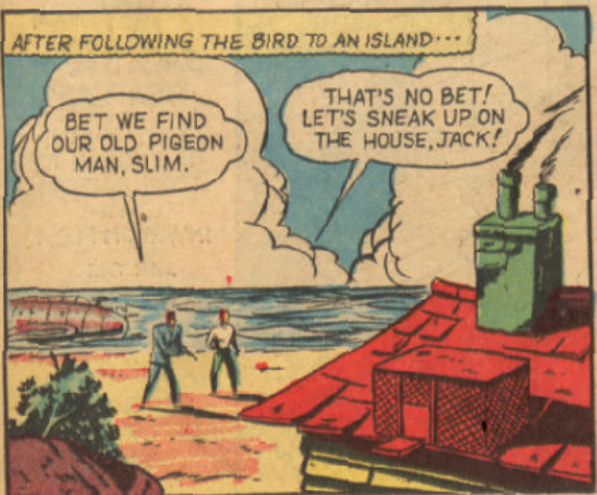
DIAGRAM OF THE FLOATING "ISLAND"...



AFTER FOLLOWING THE BIRD TO AN ISLAND...

BET WE FIND OUR OLD PIGEON MAN, SLIM.

THAT'S NO BET! LET'S SNEAK UP ON THE HOUSE, JACK!



JAPS! AND THE OLD PIGEON MAN!

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, QUICK!





SLIM, I'VE AN
IDEA OUR OLD
FRIEND'S A...

SO...MY
FRIENDS
FROM THE
SUBMARINE.



JAP!
I THOUGHT
YOUR FACE WAS
TOO FROZEN.
A MOULAGE
MASK!

I LOSE,
MY FRIEND,
SO...



I GO TO MY
ANCESTORS!

I'LL GET
HIM
JACK!



I SHOULD
HAVE KNOWN...
SUICIDE!

BANG!!



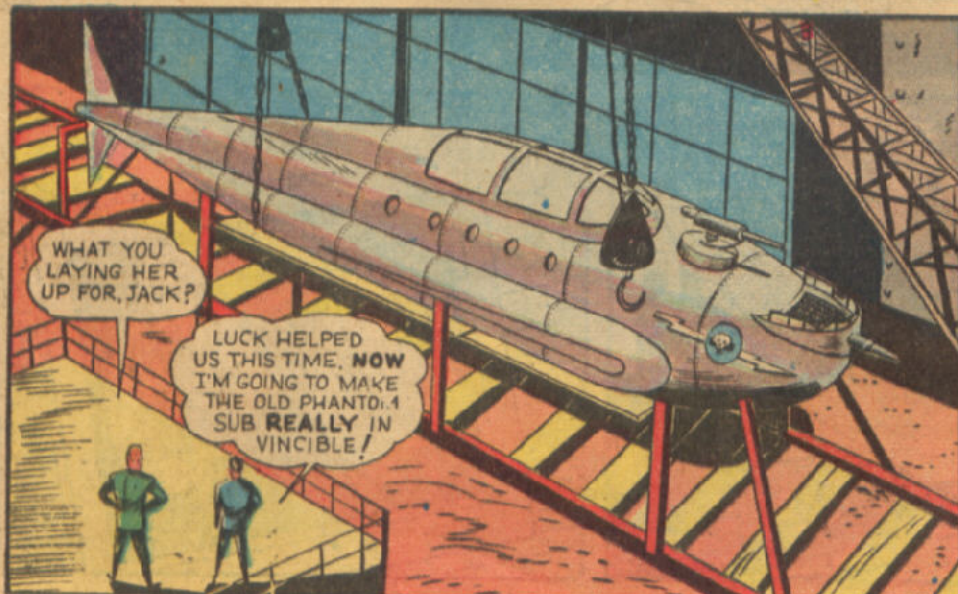
SURE, SLIM.
MANY JAPS
PREFER SUICIDE
TO FAILURE.

YEAH? WELL
THAT'S NOT THE
FIRST TIME,
AND IT WON'T
BE THE LAST
TIME!



WIPING OUT
THE FLOATING
BASE WILL END
THAT MENACE.
GOOD WORK,
JACK! NOW
WHAT?

WITH
YOUR LEAVE
SIR, I'M
GOING TO PUT
THE SUB IN
DRY DOCK.



WHAT YOU
LAYING HER
UP FOR, JACK?

LUCK HELPED
US THIS TIME, NOW
I'M GOING TO MAKE
THE OLD PHANTOM
SUB REALLY IN
VINCIBLE!

WHAT
IS
JACK'S NEW
WEAPON?

YOU'LL FIND IT
IS ENOUGH TO
TURN BACK AN
ENTIRE
INVASION FLEET!

...IN THE
NEXT

**BLUE
BOLT**
COMICS!

Sergeant SPOOK



? WHO IS SERGEANT SPOOK? ?

WHILE MAKING A
CHEMICAL ANALYSIS
OF SOME EVIDENCE,
A SERGEANT OF
THE NEW YORK
POLICE WAS
KILLED -- BY THE
EXPLOSION OF
THE CHEMICALS!

EVER SINCE, WITH HIS
"PSYCHIC SIDE-KICK,"
JERRY, THE CRIME-
FIGHTING SPIRIT OF
THE COP HAS
CARRIED ON ...
BATTLING ANY AND
ALL ENEMIES OF
SOCIETY! THIS IS

**SERGEANT
SPOOK!**

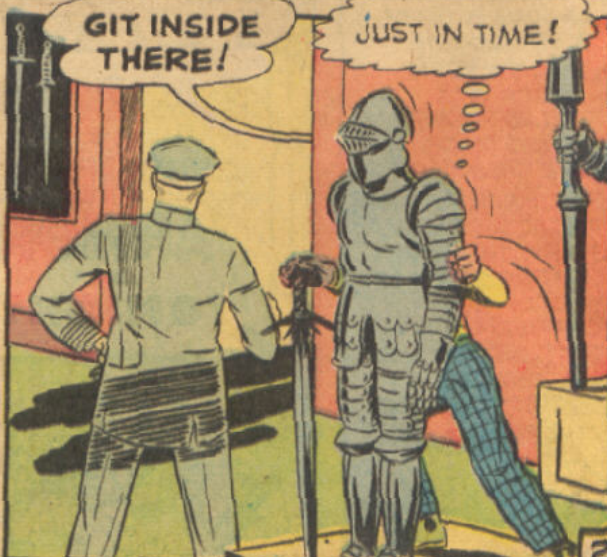
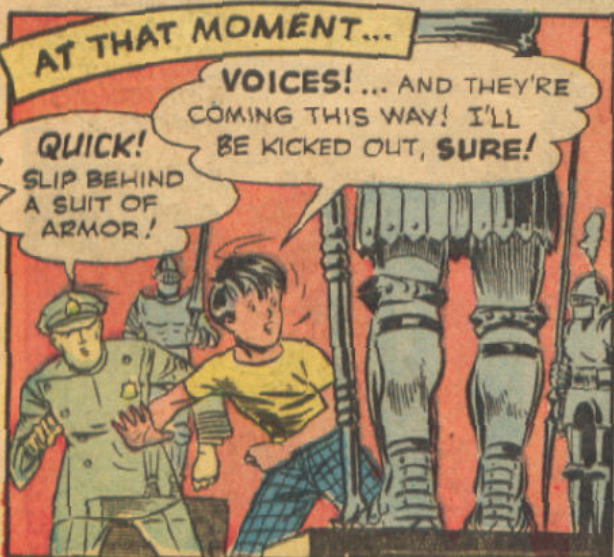
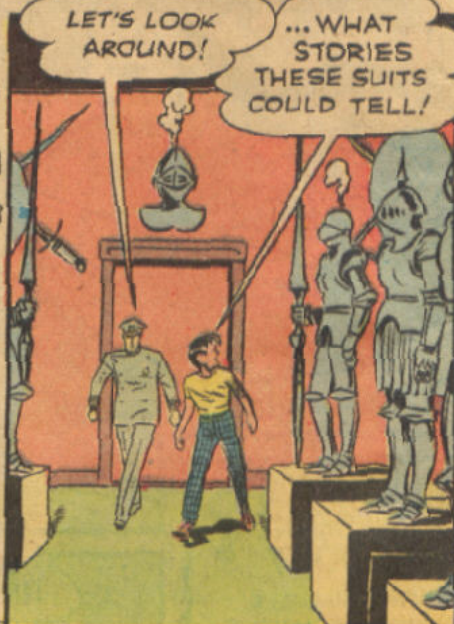
OH, BOY! I'LL
HAVE TO SEE
THAT!

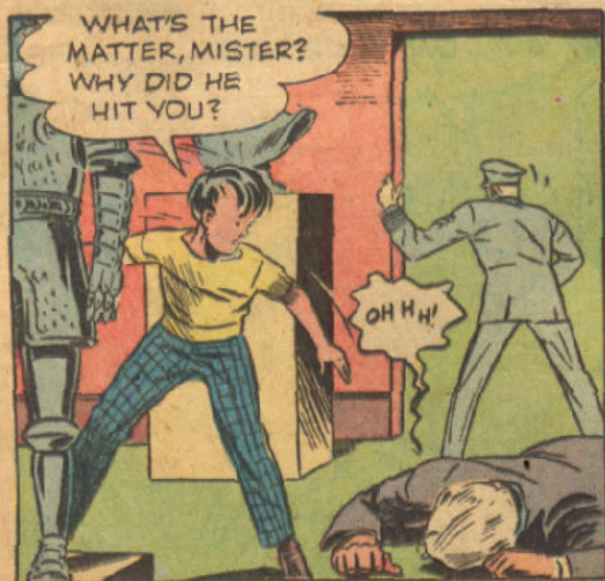
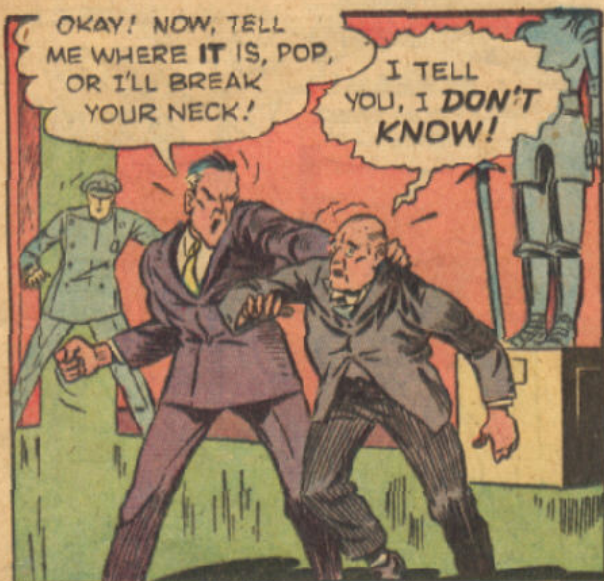


That Evening...

I'VE ALWAYS
WANTED TO
SEE SUITS OF ARMOR!
-- WISH I HAD ONE!







AS THE OLD MAN LEAVES, JERRY CONSULTS SERGEANT SPOOK ...

WHAT SHOULD WE DO, SPOOK?

... WE'LL GO OUTSIDE AND FIND WHAT THAT TROUBLE IS THE OLD MAN SPOKE OF!



IT'S THE OLD MAN!

I THINK I GET THE IDEA, JERRY!

IT'S MR. VAN GARN!

HE'S DEAD!

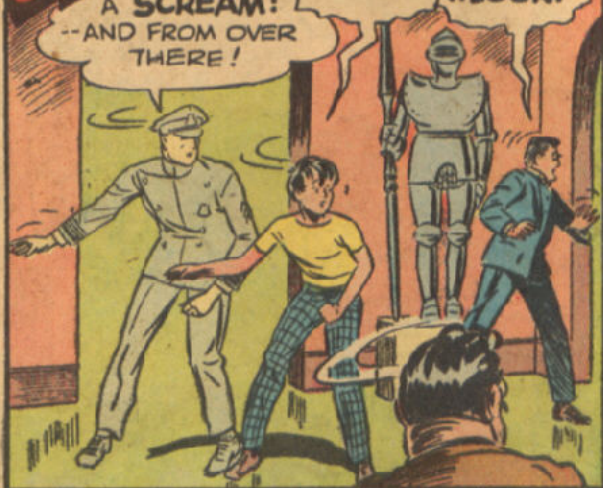


Suddenly...

A SCREAM!
--AND FROM OVER THERE!

WHAT WAS THAT?

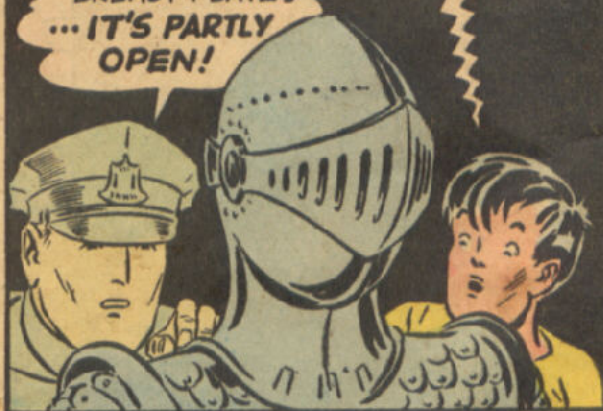
VE GODS! ..LOOK!



WHOEVER KILLED THE OLD BOY HID IN **HERE!** ... WHEN THE CROWD GATHERED, HE SLIPPED OUT, UNNOTICED!

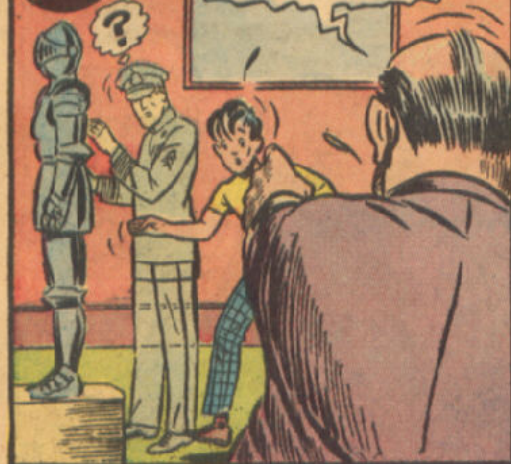
SEE THIS BREAST-PLATE?
... IT'S PARTLY OPEN!

GOLLY!



JUST THEN—

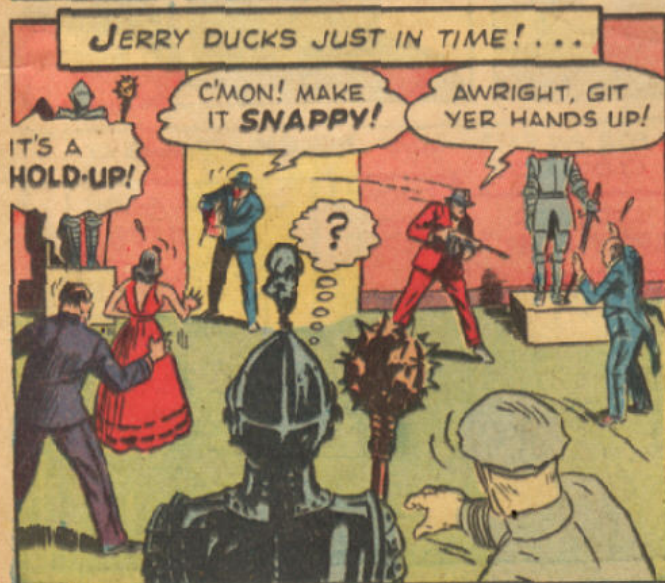
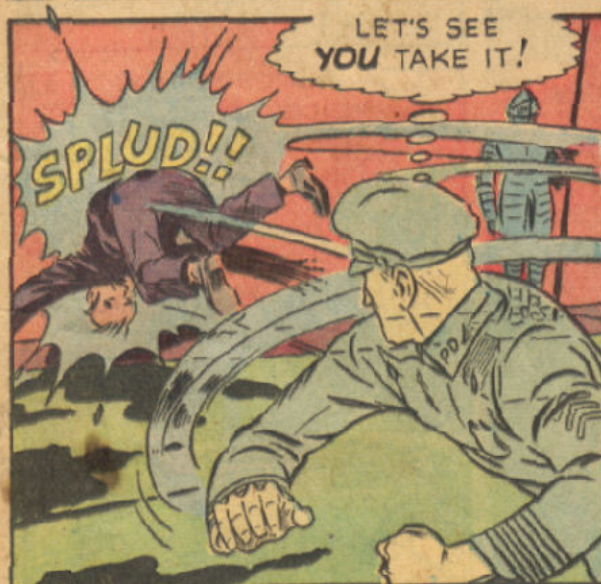
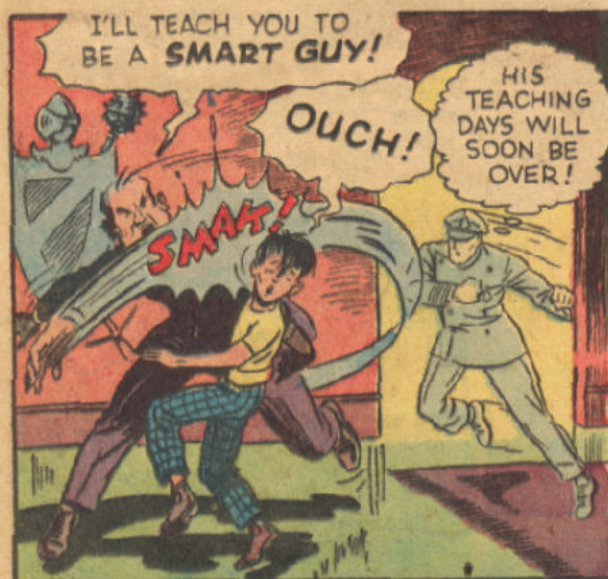
HEY! WHO LET YOU IN? I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!



NOW YOU'RE GOIN' OUT... ON YOUR HEAD!

LEGGO OF ME!
... YOU STUPID EGGHEAD!





IMMEDIATELY, THE CROOKS
START THEIR SEARCH...

THIS WON'T
TAKE LONG!

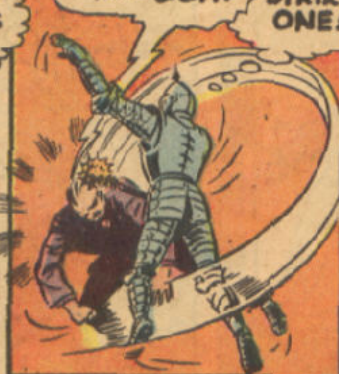
AND WILL
YOU GUYS
BE SURPRISED
TO SEE HOW LONG
IT **WON'T** TAKE!



AS ONE CROOK COMES
TO THE ARMOR THAT
SERGEANT SPOOK IS IN--

I HOPE IT'S
IN -- UGH!

STRIKE
ONE!



WIELDING THE HEAVY MACE,
SPOOK STARTS TO MOP UP THE
MOB! BULLETS FLY! -- **THE
BATTLE IS ON!**

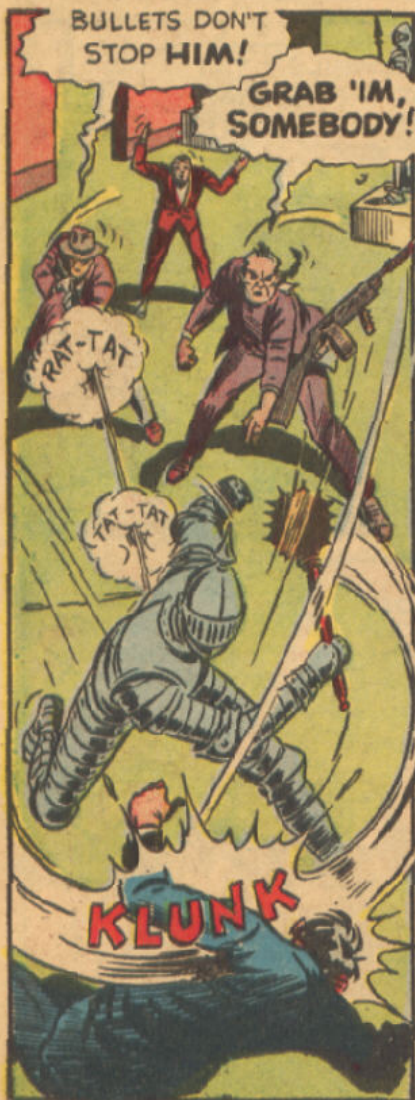
THERE'S SOMEONE
IN THERE! **SHOOT
HIM DOWN!**

...NOW,
FOR THE
REST OF THEM!



BULLETS DON'T
STOP HIM!

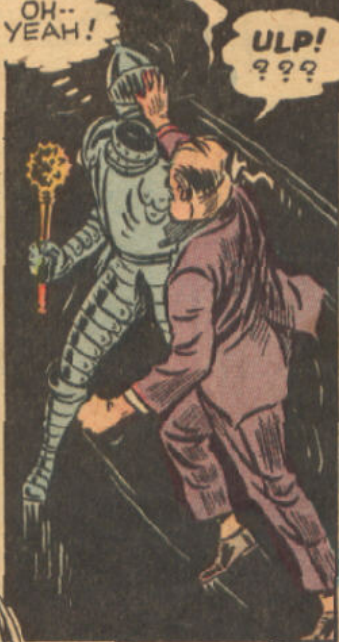
GRAB 'IM,
SOMEBODY!



OH--
YEAH!

I'LL GET 'IM
IF YOU CAN'T!

ULP!
???



THERE'S NOTHIN'
INSIDE! **HELP!!
IT'S A GHOST!**

BAN G
LEMMIE
OUTA
HERE!



THEY RUN FOR AN EXIT -- AND **JERRY** APPEARS IN
HIS TIN CLOTHES!

IT'S ANOTHER
"EMPTY SUIT"!

NOW!

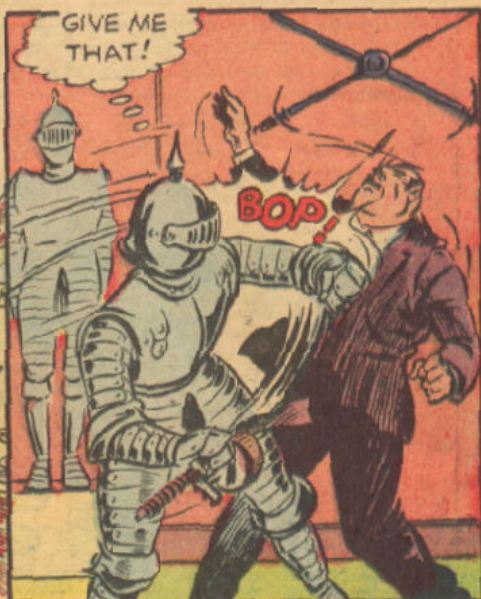
I'M GOIN'
NUTS!





JUST THEN A
STRAY BULLET
HITS JERRY'S
MACE HEAD,
SPLITTING IT
OPEN...

BRANG!!

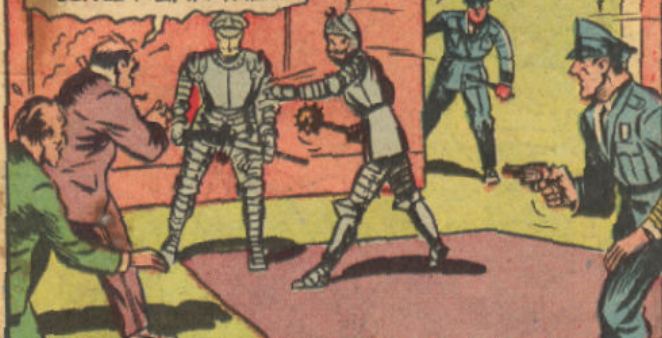


THE POLICE
ARRIVE AND ARE
BEWILDERED TILL
JERRY SPEAKS...

THEY'RE
CROOKS!-
THIS ONE HERE
KILLED A MAN!
DIDN'T YOU?

SO!

YES, YES! I
CONFESS!-- DON'T
COME NEAR ME!



HAVING SPOKEN, JERRY STEPS OUT!

WELL, I GUESS
THAT SEWS
EVERYTHING UP!
---EH?

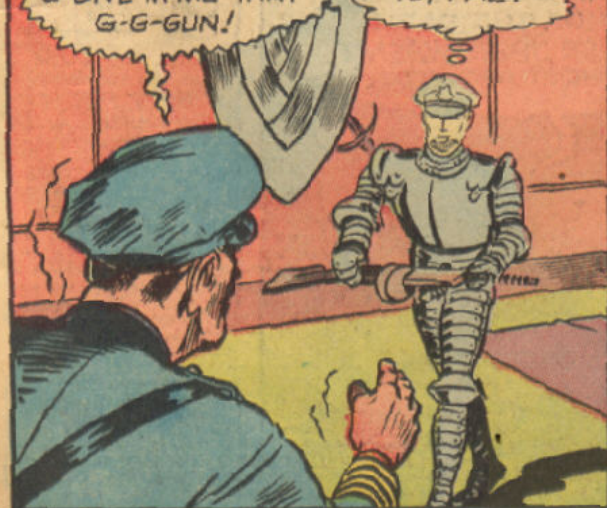
WHAT? WHY,
IT'S JUST A KID!

WELL,
I'LL BE...!



Y-YOU'D BETTER
G-GIVE M-ME THAT
G-G-GUN!

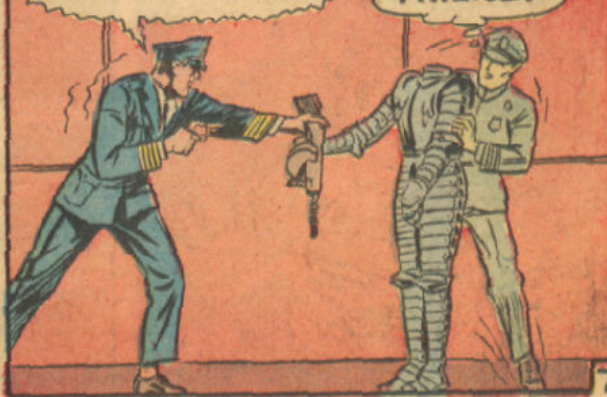
HERE IT
IS, PAL!



AS THE FRIGHTENED COP TAKES THE
GUN, SERGEANT SPOOK STEPS OUT OF
THE SUIT OF ARMOR!

TH-THIS THING
W-WORRIES M-ME!

AW, DON'T BE
SCARED! HE'S MY
FRIEND!



... THE ARMOR'S HINGES SHATTERED BY BULLETS, IT CRASHES TO THE FLOOR!

OH, MY GORSH!
IT WAS ALIVE!

THIS IS
TOO MUCH!

CRASH!!!

Suddenly... ALL EYES ARE RIVETED
ON JERRY'S SPLIT MACE ON THE FLOOR...

LOOK!
A DIAMOND!

WOW! SO THAT'S
WHAT THEY WERE
AFTER!

OF ALL
PLACES TO
HIDE IT!

THE STORY COMES OUT...

...YEAH! MR. VAN GARN
SMUGGLED THE DIAMOND INTO THIS
COUNTRY IN THAT WAY AND DIDN'T
WANT TO COME ACROSS
WITH IT, SO HE HAD TO
BE BUMPED OFF!

LATER... ON THE WAY HOME...

BOY! WHAT A
TIME THAT WAS!
HEY, SPOOK?

YOU BET!

I GUESS
I'LL LEAVE
YOU HERE,
JERRY!...

WHAT WILL WE
DO NOW, HUH? ...
SPOOK---SPOOK!
WHERE ARE YOU?

GREAT GUNS! ---I
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE
AFRAID OF THE DARK
BECAUSE THERE WASN'T
A GHOST AROUND!

SERGEANT
SPOOK

WILL BE BACK
AGAIN IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
WITH
ANOTHER

STREAMLINED
GHOST
STORY!

THE "GHOST" END

KRISKO and JASPER

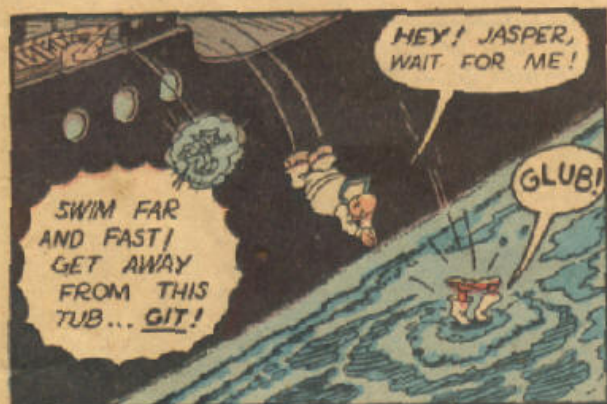
HAVING BEEN RESCUED FROM A SMALL ISLAND, KRISKO AND JASPER ARE NOW SOMEWHERE ON THE OCEAN, ABOARD A TANKER (CARGO: "SAILOR'S BLOOD"—GASOLINE) --BUT THEY DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THE NICKNAME! -----

LOOK!
SHARKS!

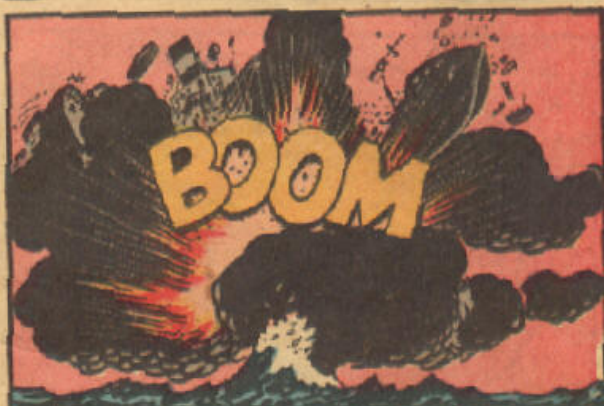
BROTHER...
THEM AIN'T SHARKS!
THEY IS TWO-MAN
SUBMARINES!...
AND THIS TUB IS
GONNA BE BLOWED
SKY-HIGH! ...
GIT READY
TO JUMP!
...NOW!

LITTLE
LUTE
THE LITTLE
MAN THEY
CAN'T SEE
AT ALL!

HE'S
RIGHT!



SWIM FAR
AND FAST!
GET AWAY
FROM THIS
TUB... GIT!

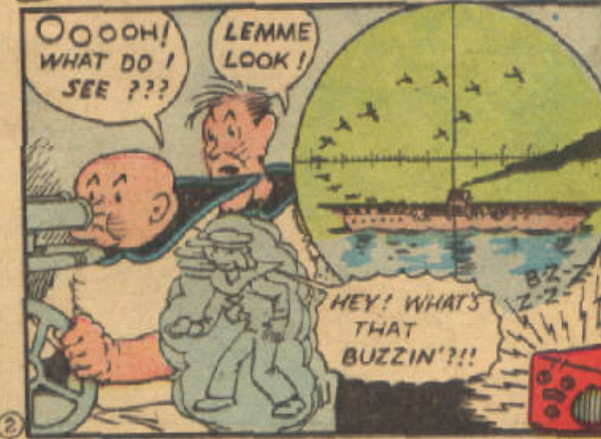
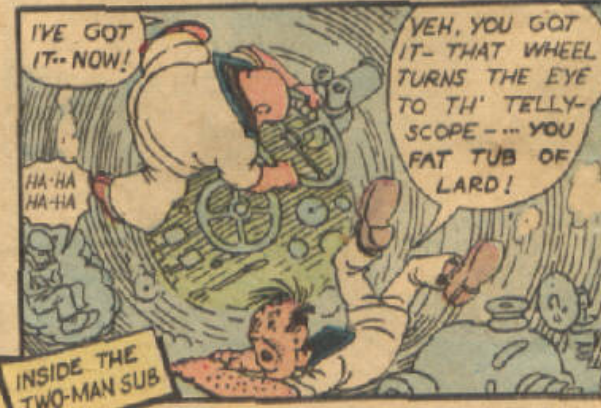
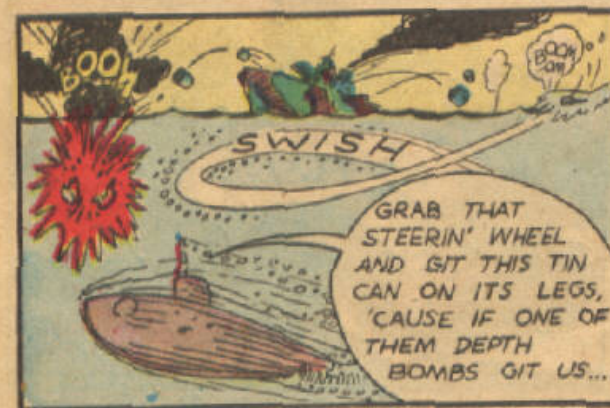


VERY MUCH DISTRESSED...
YOU DROWN NOW! "WE
GO SINK MORE BOATS!
HA-HA! HA-HA!

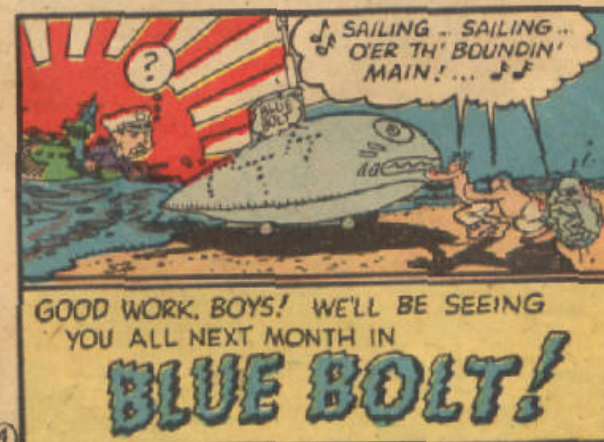
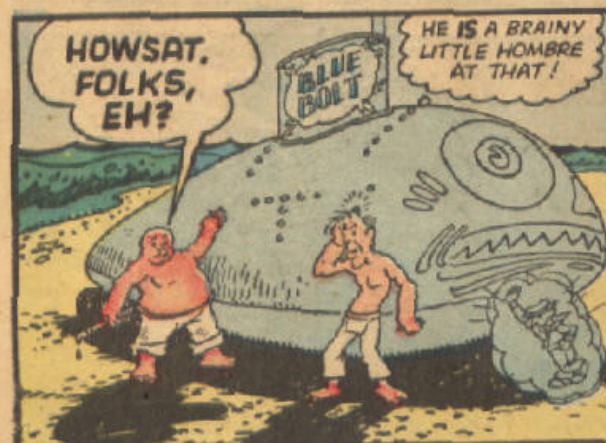
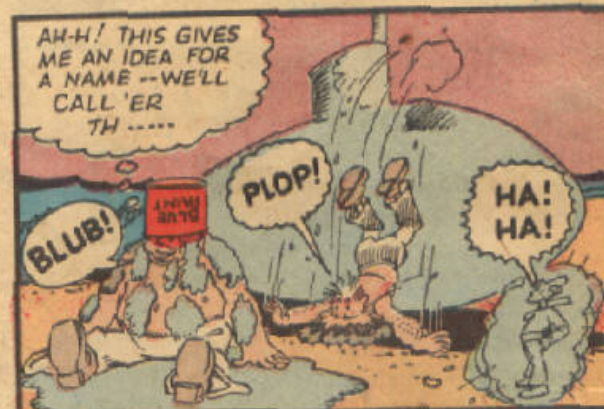
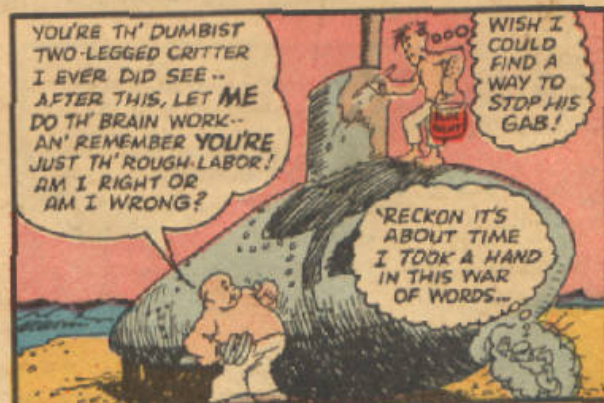
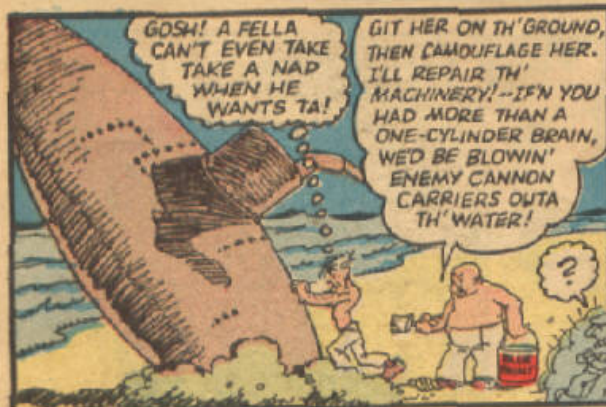
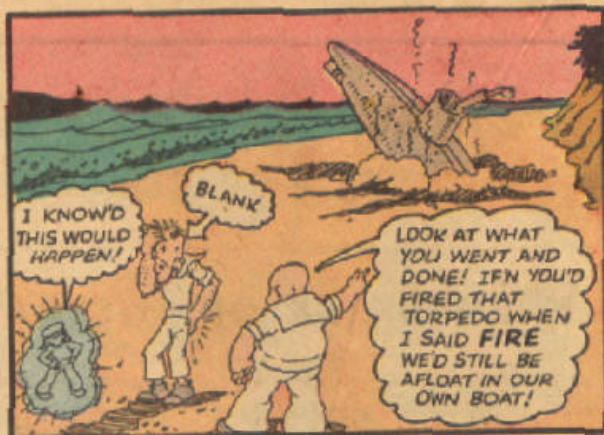
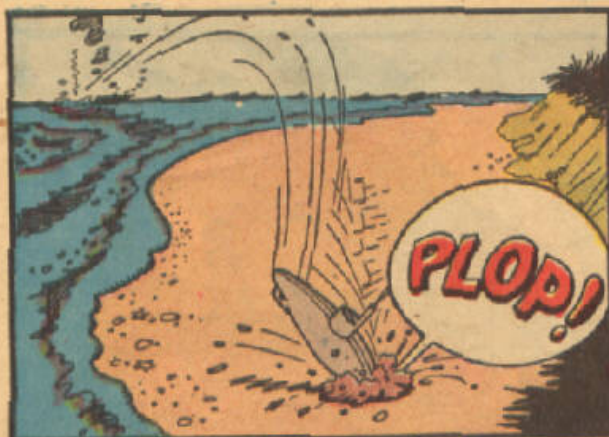
THAT'S WHAT YOU
THINK! YOU BILGE-
SCUM!

LITTLE LUTE
WITH THE BIG
VOICE IS A
BUSY LITTLE
BEE-- THEY
DON'T KNOW
HE'S THERE,
BUT -----

JACK
WARREN







STAMP COLLECTING

By Eugene L. Pollock

THE PIRATES OF AUSTRALIA

Two hundred and fifty years ago pirates sailed the seven seas and almost ruined ocean commerce. They boldly sailed into the biggest harbors right under the guns of battleships. Without warning, the sea robbers would leap aboard a ship at anchor, kill or capture the crew, load all its valuables on their own vessel and sail away before the nearby naval guards were aware of their foul deed.



Australia Hides
His Own MacArthur,
Captain
John Macarthur

In those days Dutch ships carried rich cargoes from the East Indies to Europe. English pirates admired these shiploads so much that they plotted ways of capturing them. One bold freebooter, whose name was William Dampier, discovered a part of the vast continent of Australia that lay close to the Indies. He had no idea of the size of the territory he had discovered and neither did the Dutch, who had seen other parts of Australia years before. They believed it to be a large island inhabited by savage head-hunters.

Dampier found land near a bay that the savages never visited and made his headquarters there. His ship would sail out along the coast and lie in wait for the Dutch vessels. Like all thieves, he only attacked ships smaller than his own. After the crew and passengers were captured, the stolen ship was sailed back by a pirate crew to Dampier's bay, where all its treasures were unloaded. Then the boat was burned and the sailors were asked to join the pirates. If they refused it meant death, and you may be sure that most people joined the robber band. If the passengers were found to be wealthy, they were held for ransom; if not, they also had to join the pirates or else forfeit their lives.

For more than two years Dampier and his men were the terror of the seas until a Dutch war fleet hunted them down and destroyed their camp and ship. For centuries afterward, to this very day, people have been digging up the ground all around the bay, hoping to find some of the pirate treasure. Actually there have been a few lucky finds, but most of the stolen wealth was recovered by the Dutch marines, who restored it to the rightful owners.

As this story is written, new pirates, the Japanese robbers, are near the shores of Australia. We hope that they'll meet with the same fate of the sea rovers two hundred and fifty years ago.



Old Dutch
Battleship

AN APPROVAL APPLICANT is anyone sending for the stamps advertised on this page. This means that along with the advertised stamps you send for you will also receive a selection of other stamps from which you may buy any or all you prefer. You must send back the stamps (except those you receive from the ad), together with the money for those you buy, within 10 days after you receive them.

FIND STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES!

SIX BIG ITEMS! (1) "Queer Countries" Packet: Blyth, Switzer, etc. (2) Packet stamps Russia, catalog price \$5. (3) Postal 2nd Packet: camel, antelope, kangaroo, etc. (4) Package stamp hinges. (5) Big "Far East" Packet of 30 air. stamps from Hong Kong, Siam, Philippines, etc. (6) Illustrations, 32-page booklet—fills where to look for, and send, stamps worth up to \$10.000. **EVERYTHING FOR ONLY 5¢ TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS!**

WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO. Dept. 700-F CAMDEN, NEW YORK

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Everyone wants stamps from Afghanistan—the hardest of all countries to get stamps from! We'll send a large set, **RARE AFGHANISTAN** stamp showing the famous KABUL MOSQUE, a very old classical, large size TAFMANIA pictorial issue, unused **ABDOLRA** Coal-of-Arms (World's Smallest Republic), a **RARE** Souverain issued old NINETEENTH CENTURY SAMOS stamp catalog value \$50, a large picturesque AFRICAN RAILROAD issue, NEW ZEALAND "Pony Express" stamp, an old NINETEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMEMORATIVE, new KING GEORGE VI issue, 10 FRANK BELGIAN, Swiss crosses, China "George Washington" and 100 other new different stamps for only 10¢ to approval applicants. **FREE 1942 STYLE STAMP PERFORATION BULL** and **MILLIMETER MEASURES** INCLUDED! ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON.

WM. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. BOX 303, PHILA., PA.

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(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps from Africa, South America, South Sea Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail, triangle and animal stamps, most stamps, high value, 1000. (2) United States, cat. price \$20. (3) Fine packet 25 air. British Colonies—Chertsey, Jamaica, Jordan, U. S. \$4.00 (4) 1000. **FREE 1942 STYLE STAMP PERFORATION BULL** and **MILLIMETER MEASURES** INCLUDED! ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON.

MYSTIC STAMP CO., Dept. S-A, CAMDEN, N. Y.

55 DIFFERENT U.S. 5¢

Including AIRMAIL, PRESTIGE, IDENTICAL, high value, 1000. Century, COMMEMORATIVES, coils, reverses, etc. to applicants for our BARGAIN APPROVALS. **FREE** LIST. Lists included.

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Four collectors have ever seen these rare U.S. 5¢ stamps. (1) Pony Express, Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since airmails are practically unavailable, we will send a free list of stamps for reference. To approval applicants who will include 4¢ (four cents) postage.

R. D. ROBERTS & CO., 512 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

111 ALL DIFFERENT STAMPS

CATALOG VALUE OVER \$2.25 given to approval applicants sending 4¢ postage.

ZEPHYR 3437 N. Kolmar St., Chicago

SUPER-WONDER PACKET OFFERED

containing stamps from AFGHANISTAN (unused), NORTH BORNEO (unused), MANCHUKUO (unused), KARAWAK (unused), GUADELOUPE (unused), U.S. \$4.00 (4) 1000. (5) BRUNEL (unused). This entire packet for only 2¢ to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free with each order.

Kent Stamp Co., G. P. O. Box 87 (32), Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE!!! Austria War Stamps

showing Austrian troops in actual battle scenes. This Austria War orphans charity set has become quite scarce. While our supply lasts we will send approval applicants a set of 10 Austria War stamps and the United States Heligoland set. Just send us 4¢ (four cents) service charge.

R. D. WILLIAMS & CO., 712 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

U. S. \$4 & \$5 STAMPS

Included in our packet of 55 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to approval applicants sending 3¢ postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. K, PLINT

FREE!!! WESTERN HEMISPHERE PACKET

A collection of stamps from our friendly neighbors, the Democracies of the New World, including a facsimile reproduction of a rare rare stamp, 20 years old, cataloging \$3.00. To applicants for our approval selections featuring historically interesting stamps of the world. Send 4¢ (four cents) service charge.

OWENS STAMP CO., 913 Welch Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

Drop us a postcard and we will send you by return mail a fine selection of commemorative, air mail and revenue stamps. Write today.

HUBER STAMP CO., Dept. 26

1227 Shelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

6 LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLES 5¢

COMPLETE SET To Approval Applicants Only

L. W. BROWN Dept. "K" MARION, MICH.

EARN CASH! EARN STAMPS!

Boys and girls, sell up approvals, nickel packets and supplies in your school, club and neighborhood. 4¢ to yourself. Bargains in stamps and profits for you.

55 Broad St. NORTHMER ELLIS Dept. K New York, N. Y.

81c VALUE FREE!

Stamps set of four Russian stamps cataloging 81c, this stamp illustrated in this issue. All thoroughly fine for the nation and a pleasure of three friends who collect stamps.

FREDERICK B. PITTS COMPANY

DEPT. 5, FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS

HAM FOR A YEGG!

RAIN DRIPPED steadily from the slanted roofs of houses and ran in swiftly moving streams into the sewers. Behind the yellow eyes of the building's windows, people sat at their radios listening to the latest news reports on the war overseas, and trembling at the thought that it might come over here. For, every evening at this time there came in, on a popular wavelength, a new voice, blotting out the regular program, a voice that predicted an Axis victory in a few short months, and told the great nation of the United States that if it did not surrender, Nazi bombers would be over the cities at any moment!

The voice went on. It told of dire things in store for the country, demolition of the seacoast, the war brought to America. At police headquarters and F.B.I. offices, the men ran around in circles. Try as they might, this voice could not be located. Dick Manners paced the floor with the rest. "This dirty Nazi must be operating from a moving auto. Our locators never have him in the same place twice! If we don't get busy, the newspapers will have our heads!"

"But what are we going to do?" one of the men asked. "We've tried everything, and it's no soap!"

Dick shook his head despondently. "I don't know. Something'll have to happen, that's all."

Little did they realize that something was being done . . . and not very far away, either. Teddy Conklin was a "ham" . . . an amateur radio operator, but ever since the government stopped all the hams from sending

he sat around the house wishing he could utilize his knowledge for the good of the country. And, he knew, there must be hundreds of others just like himself. It was when the voice first started broadcasting the malicious propaganda that he got his great idea.

TEDDY KNEW EVERY other ham within the vicinity of one hundred miles. Often, they had gotten together and discussed new ideas in radio, much to each other's benefit. So, he sat down at the telephone with a list of numbers in his hand and started calling. Several hours later he finished, and sat back with a broad smile on his face.

That night cars pulled up in front of Teddy's house bearing license plates from three states. They came in a steady stream for two hours, until the curb was lined on both sides with every make of automobile . . . jalopies and limousines. Inside, the place was a madhouse, with the men shouting "hellos" back and forth to each other. Finally Teddy restored a semblance of order and the place quieted down. Standing in the middle of the floor, Teddy addressed the whole group.

"Fellows, I got you all together, because we, as Americans, have a job to do. No doubt everyone here has heard the man called the 'Voice' who cuts in on the commercial programs with a lot of dirty propaganda. Well, the police can't catch him, which means that he's operating with a moving transmitter. Now here's the payoff. None of us can use our sets to send, but we *can* listen! By triangulation, we can

find the immediate place the Voice sends from, and with all of us on the job, we ought to be able to narrow the field down a bit.

"Here is what we'll do. Every one of us but a certain group will remain at their stations, and when the Voice comes on *locate* him! Each one will have a map, so find the street the car is on and the direction in which it's heading. As soon as you do this, telephone to the man nearest that point and he'll get on the chase. The fellows with the fastest cars will hold down that end, while others will remain near telephones at various points. Are you with me?"

A THUNDEROUS ROAR almost took the roof off as every one of them shouted their approval of the plan. Then Teddy went about assigning the men to their various duties. Finally, when all preparations had been made, he held up his hand for quiet. "Men," he said, "there can be no loss of time! Our plan goes into action this very night . . . The Voice is due to broadcast in two hours, so get to your stations and be ready for *action!*"

The men jammed the door on the way out, each rushing for his car, and clutching a copy of a large map that Teddy passed out. One by one, the cars shot off, the deadline was almost at hand and a fifth columnist had to be trapped! A pack of hams going after a *Nazi yegg!* But *what* hams! Each fired with enthusiasm and the will to do something for the country. And they were mad; sore at the fact that the enemy believed this country stupid enough to swallow the stuff it handed out. Well,

By SPILLANE

they would soon find out just how stupid they were . . . stupid as a fox, maybe!

As the autos shot off, Teddy got his own group together. "Men," he said, "we're covering a section about a mile from here. I've done a little detecting on the side before this, and apparently the Voice is operating somewhere from this neighborhood." He pointed out a position on the map with a pencil. "Perhaps he'll operate from a new position, but he usually works one section about a week at a time, and this will be but the third day. Now hit for the spots and don't spare the horses!"

One of the men grinned. "I hope I get him! I've always wanted a crack at a 'real Nazi!' He patted his .22 rifle significantly. Teddy gave a short laugh.

"IT'S TEN TO ONE the other boys will lug along their guns too. Only, remember this. We want that guy alive to hang up as an example, so just *grab* him . . . don't *shoot* him!"

"Shucks, I wanted to plug him!" the other fellow said, his face falling. Teddy glanced at his watch.

"Come on, men, it's time to go. Stay next to your car radios so you can catch the broadcast. As soon as he is located, the position will be phoned to the closest spot, then be on the lookout for any suspicious looking autos or trucks!" The little group went out and piled into four cars. Radios were tuned in on the station that usually was interrupted, and ears were ready to catch every word.

Fifteen minutes later Teddy pulled up to his station on the corner of two busy streets, and stopped outside a drug store. A block away he saw another of the cars. He pulled down the back seat and took out a .30 rifle, jacked a shell into the chamber and sat back to wait. It wasn't

long, however. The station suddenly went off and a deep voice came on. *This was it!* The Voice droned on, warning of terrible things to come. It told the people to stop the war . . . surrender. Teddy smiled mirthlessly.

He ducked out and ran into the drug store and stayed near the phone. Outside of himself and the clerks, the place was empty. Then it came. The phone rang shrilly, and Teddy grabbed it. "Teddy speaking, go ahead."

"This is Al. Sounds like the sending set is moving south on Main Street. Not going fast as far as we can tell. Hop to it, boy!"

"Right!" Ted hung up quickly. He ran to the car, flipped the lights on three times to signal to two other cars that could see him, and peered down Main Street. And there it was, the only car on the block . . . a huge moving van going about thirty. Again Ted's lights went on and off. The other two cars pulled ahead to intercept the van. But the men in the truck recognized it as a signal!

Abruptly, the Voice went off! The van sped forward. With a grinding of gears, Ted tried to cut it off, but he was too late. The van passed by, then out of the tail came the spitting of guns! Bullet holes jumped into his windshield and ripped through the fenders! Ted ducked low behind the wheel and took up the chase. The other cars caught what happened and fell in behind him.

It was a mad chase! The van twisted and turned through the streets, narrowly missing parked cars. Pedestrians screamed as bullets whined through the air. In no time, they reached the outskirts of the city and were tearing into the suburbs. If the van got much further it would make its escape. That couldn't happen! Ted hefted the rifle with one hand and steadied it against the window frame . . . the barrel jut-

ting through a hole made by a Nazi bullet!

WHAM! The gun bucked in his hand! . . . And a man fell out of the back of the truck. A lucky shot! Again rifles spat from the dark blob that was the truck, and shots screamed by. Ted knew that sooner or later they wouldn't miss. Suddenly the other cars were alongside. Jack motioned to throw a strong fire at the truck. Ted nodded.

Rifles came up and leveled at the van. Ted tried to aim at the tires. Suddenly the three guns let go with a tremendous roar. Immediately fresh shells went in. Again they blasted . . . and the truck ahead swerved sharply. They got a tire! It swung all over the road . . . then veered to one side. A steel telephone pole was in the way. A rending crash split the night; brakes squealed as the cars stopped.

Guns ready, the young men piled out and tore for the van. It was a mess. Groans came from inside. Teddy ripped off the covering and crawled in. From the looks of things they would give no trouble. One distinguished-looking man, a prominent figure in the newspapers was trapped under a huge generator. Ted let out a low whistle. The other men came in and they dragged out the Nazis.

THE NEXT DAY the headlines screamed out the story. How American youth rallied to beat off a vicious propaganda attack. Everyone of the group was covered with glory. Teddy leaned back in his seat and sighed. To no one in particular, he said, "After all that action, plain living is too *dull!* Me for the Signal Corps where I can do a little *sending* again . . . instead of just *listening!*" Funny thing, but at that moment there were about fifty other guys *thinking the same thing!*

THE END

The WHITE RIDER and SUPER HORSE

GIVE ME
MY BOOTS AND
SADDLE. ♪

THE WHITE RIDER
AND SUPERHORSE ARE
TAKING A BRIEF VACATION,
AFTER ROUNDING UP A
GANG OF KILLERS FOR
THE TEXAS RANGERS!
BUT-- UNKNOWN TO THEM,
A HORSEMAN APPROACHES...

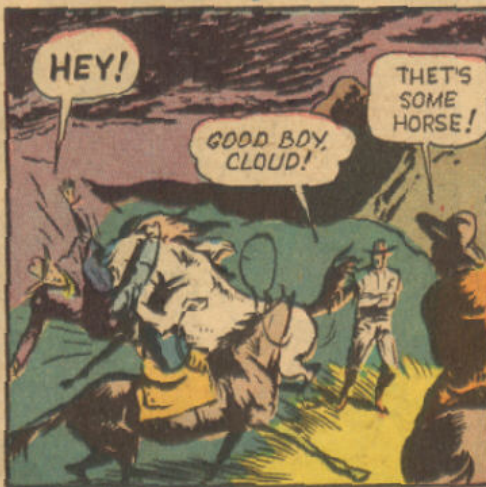
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE
COMPANY FOR
SUPPER, CLOUD.

DON'T LET THEM
TAKE ME, MISTER.
I DIDN'T KILL
MR. BADGER!

THIS
SOUNDS
SERIOUS!

THAT'S CLYDE COLLIN
AND THE SHERIFF COMIN'
TO GIT ME--- HIDE ME---
PLEASE!

I DON'T
KNOW THAT I
SHOULD HIDE
YOU, BUT--





TRY AND CATCH ME!



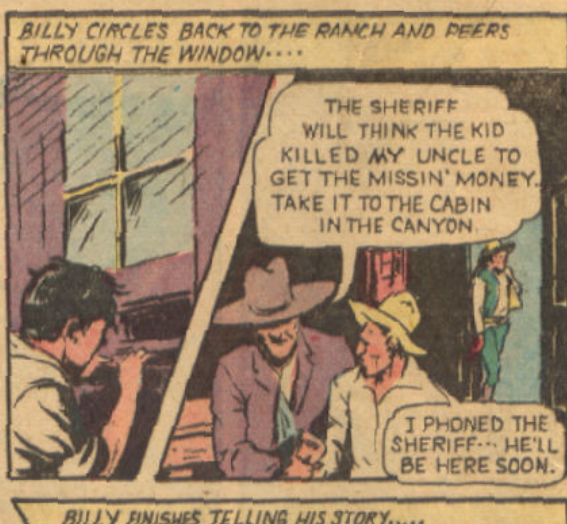
HE'S GITTIN' AWAY!

GIDDUP!

BANG!

BANG!

THE SHERIFF WILL GIT HIM IF WE DON'T!



BILLY CIRCLES BACK TO THE RANCH AND PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW....

THE SHERIFF WILL THINK THE KID KILLED MY UNCLE TO GET THE MISSIN' MONEY. TAKE IT TO THE CABIN IN THE CANYON.

I PHONED THE SHERIFF... HE'LL BE HERE SOON.



HERE COMES THE SHERIFF. BETTER GIT OUT OF HERE.



THERE HE GOES, SHERIFF. GIT AFTER HIM!

COME ON, MEN!



AFTER YOU EAT SOME GRUB, YOU'D BETTER GET SOME SLEEP—I'M TAKING A HAND IN THIS IN THE MORNING!

YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!



...AT THE RANCH—

BILLY TOLD ME EVERYTHING! YOU KILLED YOUR UNCLE!

THAT'S A LIE!

STICK 'EM UP, HOMBRE!



WHAT---

I TOLD YUH I'D GIT YUH, SMART GUY!



I'M NOT SO EASY TO GET---

UGH!



THIS WILL
FIX YUH!



LOOKS
LIKE YUH
KILLED
HIM!

YEAH! I
GUESS I
BROKE HIS
FRESH NECK
--WE'D
BETTER
BURY
HIM--
QUICK!



WHILE THE WHITE RIDER LIES STILL...



CLOUD ACTS...!



WHAT HAPPENED?

PHEW!



DOWN, CLOUD--
DOWN, OLD BOY!



YUH, DIDN'T KILL
HIM. HE GOT
AWAY!

THIS MEANS WE
BETTER GIT THET KID,
FAST. WE'LL GO TO THE
CABIN AND DIVIDE
THE MONEY. THEN
WE'LL JOIN THE
POSSE.



THE WHITE RIDER RECOVERS, AND
FORMS A DEFINITE PLAN AS HE
RETURNS TO CAMP.

HELLO,
RIDER!



FIND THE SHERIFF,
CLOUD, AND GIVE
HIM THAT NOTE!

I KNOW
WHERE THE
CABIN IS. I'LL
TAKE YOU
RIGHT TO IT!



SUPERHORSE FINDS THE SHERIFF,
JUST AS HE IS ENTERING TOWN.

WHAT'S THIS?



MEANWHILE...

THIS IS COLLIN'S
CABIN!

ALL RIGHT, BILLY,
WE'RE GOIN' INSIDE!

THE POSSE REACHES THE CABIN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION!



HOLD YOUR GUNS!
I'M HERE TO MAKE
A DEAL WITH YOU. YOU
GIVE ME A CUT IN THE
MONEY AND I GIVE
YOU THE KID!



NOW, YORE TALKIN' SENSE! YUH
DID A GOOD JOB, MISTER, SO
YUH CAN HAVE MY SHARE
OF THE MONEY!



THAT'S GREAT!
BUT WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
OUT OF THIS?

YOU'RE ONE OF US
NOW, SO I CAN TELL YUH.
THIS MONEY IS ONLY
CHICKEN FEED TO ME...
MY UNCLE LEFT ME THE
CIRCLE-A RANCH IN HIS WILL!
HEH-HEH!



THAT'S ALL I WANTED
TO KNOW! BILLY,
GET THEIR GUNS!

WHY--YOU
DOUBLE-
CROSSIN'--!



COLLIN REACHES QUICKLY FOR HIS GUN,
BUT THE NEXT INSTANT IT IS SHOT FLYING
FROM HIS HAND!



DON'T... I'LL
GIVE UP!

CRACK

PANG!

IN COMES THE SHERIFF...

I HEARD EVERYTHING FROM
OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!
COLLIN WILL STRETCH
A ROPE FOR THIS!

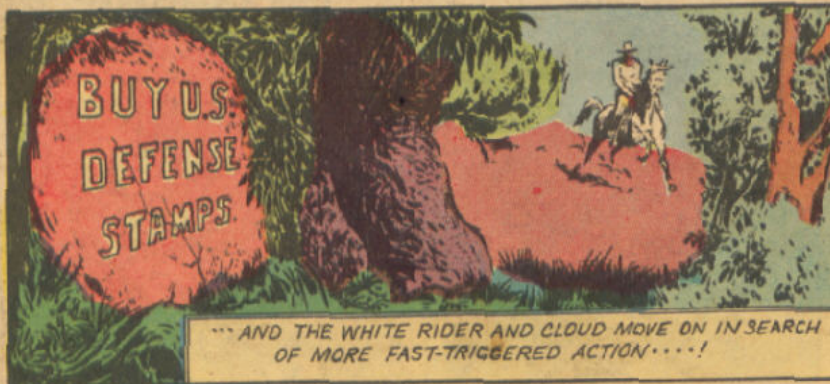


THET FELLER AND
HIS HOSS PROVED YOUR
INNOCENCE, BILLY!



GOOD BYE,
FRIENDS!

BUY US
DEFENSE
STAMPS



... AND THE WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD MOVE ON IN SEARCH
OF MORE FAST-TRIGGERED ACTION....!

The
White Rider
and Superhorse

FIGHT FOR THE TEXAS
RANGERS AGAIN--
IN NEXT MONTH'S

BLUE BOLT!

SUB-ZERO

LITTLE PUNKS!

HA-HA!
WE GOT
JAPUM
COMIN'
AND
GOIN'!

IT'S A CASE OF
MISTAKEN IDENTITY!
... BUT FREEZUM,
WITH SUB-ZERO'S HELP,
TURNS IT INTO A
RIP-SNORTING
ADVENTURE! READ ON...

I HAVE
BUSINESS
INSIDE,
FREEZUM!
YOU WAIT HERE
UNTIL I COME
OUT!

OKAY,
BOSSUM!
ME NO
MOVE
AT ALL!

FEDERAL
BUILDING
SAN FRANCISCO

HARDLY A MOMENT LATER...

HEY! THERE'S
ANOTHER
JAP!

TAKE
'IM
ALONG!

WHAT
THISSUM?
--JAPS?

IT'S THE ROUND-UP OF JAPS --
FREEZUM PROTESTS LOUDLY,
BUT TO NO AVAIL!

ME
TELLUM
YOU
ME NO JAP!
--DOGGONE
INSULTUM!

HE LOOKS
LIKE ONE,
ALL RIGHT!
HUSTLE
HIM INTO
VAN!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, FREEZUM
IS PUT ABOARD THE VAN ...

LET'S GO! HE'S
THE LAST ONE
AROUND HERE!

ME MAD!
THIS ONE BIG
MISTAKUM!

... AND HE IS TAKEN TO A TEMPORARY
CONCENTRATION CAMP ...

INSIDE, ALL OF YOU!
IT'S TOO BAD WE CAN'T
TELL WHICH ARE SPIES
AND WHICH ARE
LOYAL AMERICANS!

HA! ME GOTTUM
PLAN. MAYBE CAN
SPY ON JAPS
IN HERE!

Inside...

AH, LITTLE
BOY! COME
WITH ME,
PLEASE!

GOOD!

WONDER
WHAT'S
UPPUM!

THAT EVENING, A RATTY JAP ASSUMES
LEADERSHIP OF A FEW OF THE GROUP
AND CALLS A MEETING ...

DO NOT WORRY,
FRIENDS! SHORTLY, OUR
EMPEROR'S PLANES WILL
ATTACK HERE AND
FREE US!

WOW! ME
GOTTUM GET
IN TOUCH
WITH
SUB-ZERO
SOON!

THE JAP GOES ON...

DYNAMITE WILL
BE DROPPED TO US
-- GRAB IT AND
SABOTAGE
EVERYTHING
YOU CAN!

That Night... WHILE THE REST SLEEP, **FREEZUM** SLIPS TOWARD THE GUARD'S RADIO SHACK!

ME FINDUM WAY TO GET **SUB-ZERO** HERE!



UNABLE TO CLIMB THE BARRICADE, **FREEZUM** SPOTS THE GUARD -- THEN -----

AH! GOTTUM GOOD! SORRY, BUT MUST DO!



... AND, WITH THE GUARD FROZEN STIFF, **FREEZUM** SENDS A SERIES OF COLD BLASTS AT THE SENDING-KEY ...

LUCKY I KNOWUM CODE -- HOPE I REACHUM MY FRIEND!



Meanwhile ... AT HOME, **SUB-ZERO** IDLY TWISTS THE SHORT WAVE DIAL -- SUDDENLY! --

"CALLING **SUB-ZERO**... CALL -----"

WHAT'S THIS? A MORSE CODE CALL FOR ME!



"--- AT JAP CONCENTRATION CAMP. COME AT ONCE!"

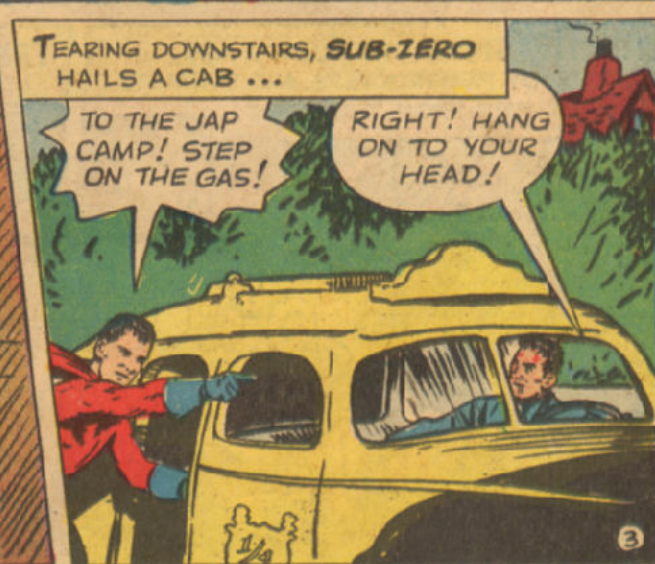
I'LL BE THERE IN A JIFFY!

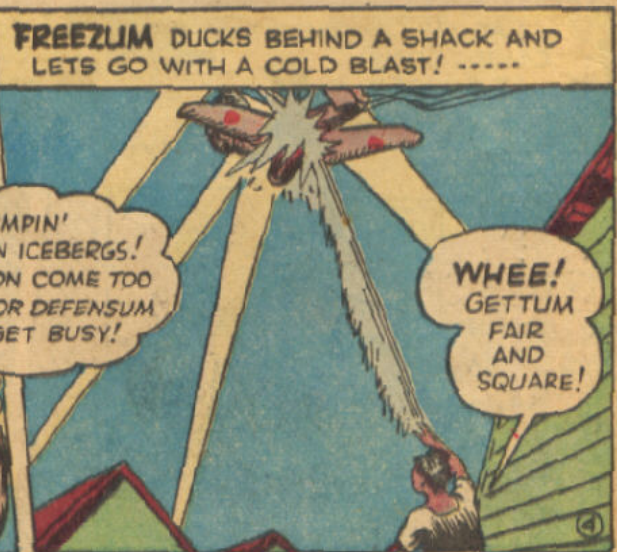
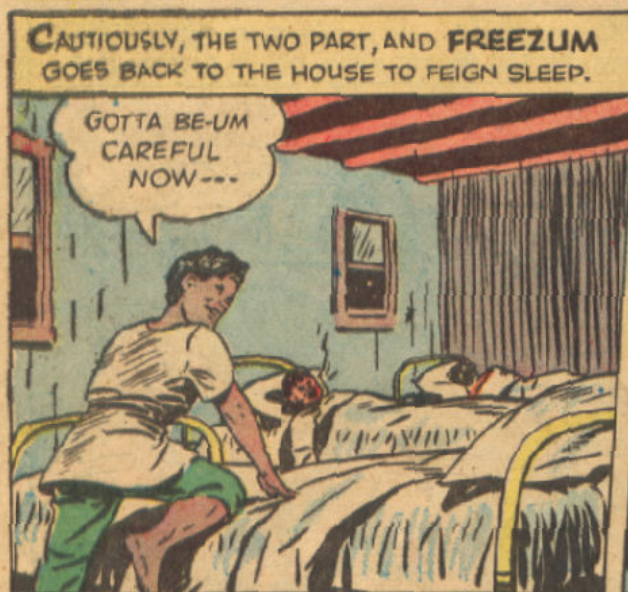


TEARING DOWNSTAIRS, **SUB-ZERO** HAILS A CAB ...

TO THE JAP CAMP! STEP ON THE GAS!

RIGHT! HANG ON TO YOUR HEAD!





SUDDENLY...

GOOD GOSHUM!
DYNAMITE FOR
SABOTEURS!
GOTTA STOP
THAT!



... NOT DARING TO BLAST IT, FREEZUM
ROLLS A COLD WAVE OVER THE EXPLOSIVE!



BUT THE JAPS CAN'T BUDGE IT, FOR IT'S
FROZEN SOLIDLY TO THE GROUND!

UGG! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH THIS?

IT'S COLD!
THAT SHOULDN'T
BE!

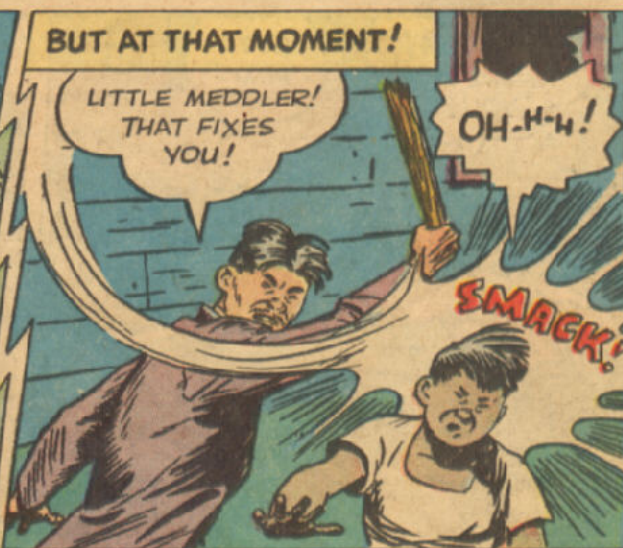


BUT AT THAT MOMENT!

LITTLE MEDDLER!
THAT FIXES
YOU!

OH-H-H!

SMACK!



THEN ... BOUNCING DOWN THE ROAD IN
AN ARMY JEEP CAR, COMES **SUB-ZERO**
AND SOME SOLDIERS -----

STEP ON IT!
I'LL KEEP THE
WAY CLEAR!

I WANT A
CRACK AT A
PLANE!



THE JAPS TRY AN ATTACK -- BUT -----

ATTABOY,
SOLDIER!

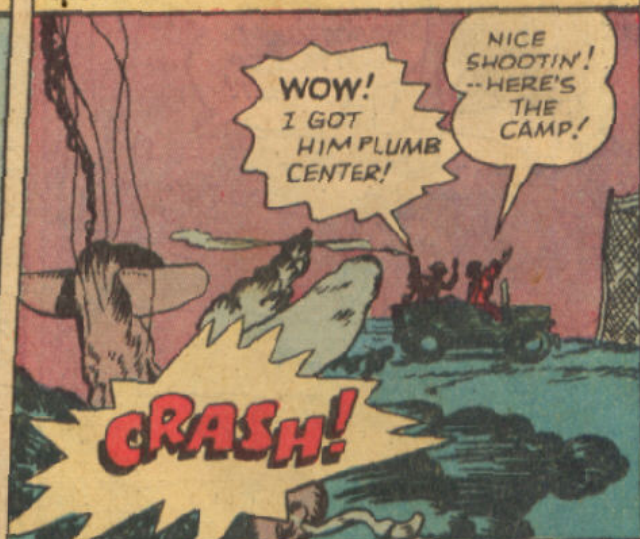
I SHOULD HAVE
WORN MY OVER-
COAT ON
THIS TRIP!



A JAP PLANE DIVES AT THE JEEP!

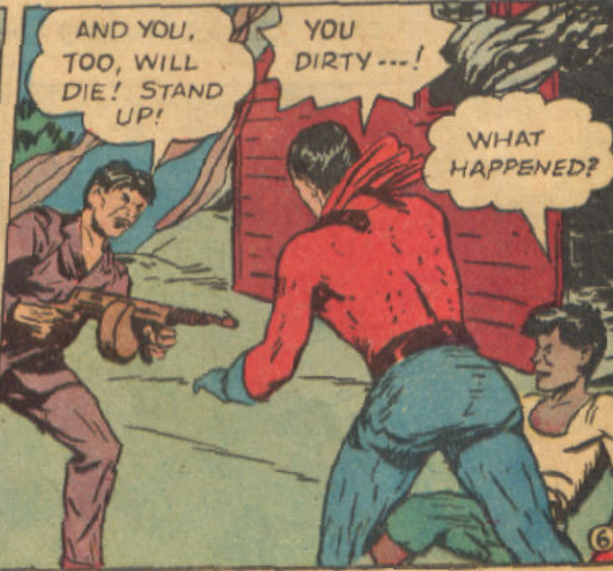


... AND THE PLANE GOES DOWN IN FLAMES!



SUB-ZERO'S ICE-COATING PROTECTS HIM!...

AND SUB-ZERO FINDS THE UNCONSCIOUS FREEZUM BESIDE THE SHACK ----



THE LEADER AIMS THE GUN ... THEN ---



NOT TO WORRY,
PLEASE! ME AMERICAN
JAP --- RISING SUN,
PHOOEY!



TOGETHER, THE THREE START TO DASH
OFF, THEN STOP SHORT -- FOR ----



THE CIVILIAN ARMY MEN RUSH
THE JAPS INTO THE CAMP!



OVERHEAD, ARMY PLANES
POLISH OFF THE JAP PLANES --
JUST AS THE SOLDIERS COME UP!



QUICKLY, **SUB-ZERO** FILLS THE
GAPS IN THE FENCE WITH ICICLES!



WITH THE ENEMY SAFELY
TUCKED AWAY, **SUB-ZERO**
AND **FREEZUM** MEET THE
COMMANDING OFFICER...



SUB-ZERO

WILL BE BACK WITH
ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT
BLUE BOLT!

OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

OLD CAP HAWKINS IS TELLING HIS LITTLE PAL, JOEY, OF THE FIGHTING OUTFITS OF THIS COUNTRY. THE **NINETY-FOURTH'S** SLOGAN -- TAKEN FROM AN OLD POLITICAL SLOGAN -- MEANS:

"I'M READY TO FIGHT!"

JOEY, IN THE LAST WAR, THE **94TH** WAS ONE OF THE SCRAPPIEST SQUADRONS IN THE AIR, AND NOW THEIR **HAT'S IN THE RING AGAIN!**

AND THEIR LEADER WAS **Captain "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER** ...ACE OF ACES!



BEFORE 1917, "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER, DESTINED TO BE A GREAT ACE, BARNSTORMED WITH A DAREDEVIL GROUP OF RACING DRIVERS --- CHEATING DEATH AT EVERY TURN!



THEN --- APRIL 6, 1917, NEWSPAPERS SCREAMED OUT THE GREATEST EVENT IN CENTURIES!...

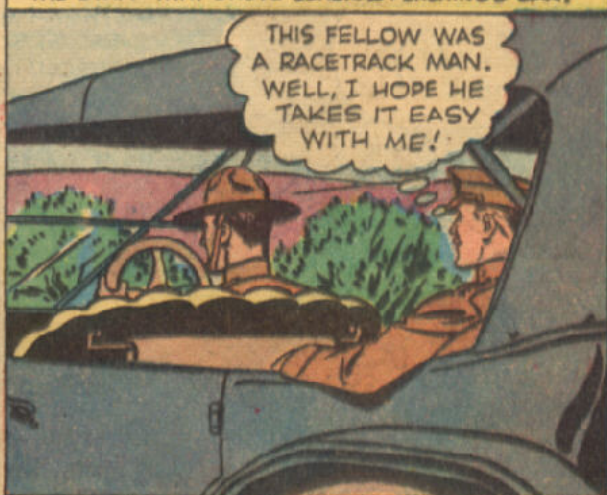


RICKENBACKER'S MY NAME! I'M A RACING DRIVER. I'D LIKE TO SIGN UP!

SWELL! A DRIVER, EH? WE HAVE JUST THE SPOT FOR YOU!



AND "EDDIE" BECAME A SERGEANT --- ACTING ON THE STAFF THAT DROVE GENERAL PERSHING'S CAR!



MAN ALIVE! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES! THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING!



SO "EDDIE" WENT TO AIR SCHOOL, AND IN A SHORT TIME HE MASTERED IT PERFECTLY!



BEFORE LONG, RICKENBACKER EARNED A CAPTAINCY, AND THE LEADERSHIP OF THE 94TH -- HAT-IN-THE-RING -- SQUADRON WAS HIS!

OUR FLIGHT WILL TAKE US OVER THIS AREA. WE SHOULD CONTACT THE ENEMY ABOUT HERE!

HOT DOG! TWO MORE AND I'M AN ACE!

... AND OFF THEY WENT TO FEED HOT LEAD TO THE HUNS!

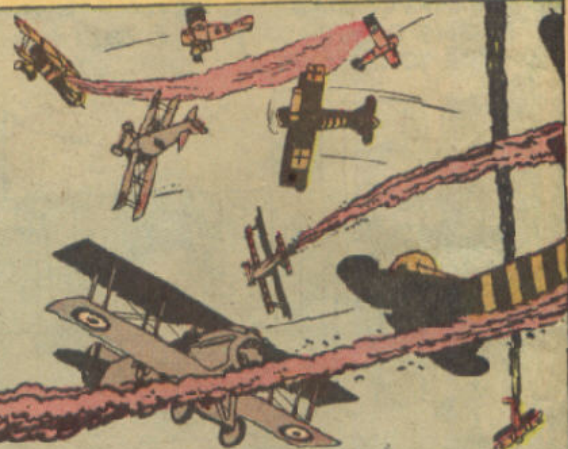
POUR THE JUICE TO 'ER, BOYS!

A FEW MINUTES' HARD FLYING, THEN -- AN ENEMY FLIGHT!

THERE THEY ARE! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

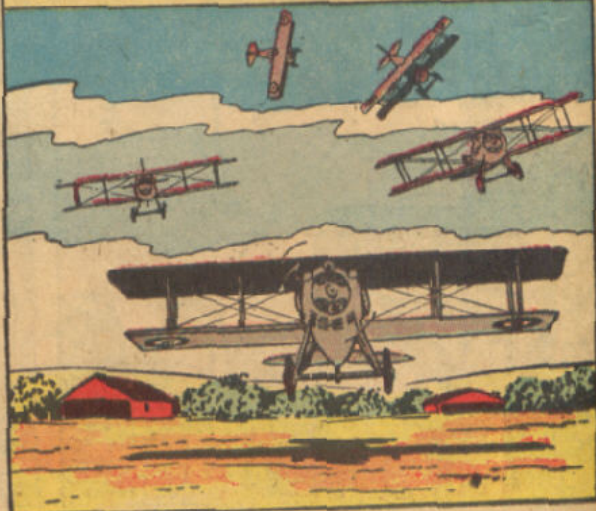
DONNER-WETTER! RICKENBACKER'S SQUADRON!

BOTH SIDES MIXED IT UP FURIOUSLY, BUT THE GERMANS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE AMERICANS!



A SUCCESSFUL ENCOUNTER! -- AND THE FLIGHT LANDS TO REFUEL AND REST UP!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM! NOW FOR HOME AND HOT COFFEE!



WITH THE CLOSE OF THE WORLD WAR, RICKENBACKER HAD A TOTAL OF TWENTY FIVE VICTORIES! HE WAS DECORATED WITH THE HIGHEST HONORS OF THREE COUNTRIES!



YOUR COUNTRY IS PROUD OF YOU, CAPTAIN!

THANK YOU, SIR!

RETURNING TO CIVILIAN LIFE... "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER ENTERED THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY. HOWEVER, FLYING WAS IN HIS BLOOD, AND HE COULDN'T SHAKE IT LOOSE, SO HE ACCEPTED A POSITION WITH EASTERN AIR LINES...

IT CERTAINLY IS GREAT TO BE 'BACK! THIS IS THE JOB FOR ME!

THINGS OUGHT TO HUM AROUND HERE NOW!

THEN ... DECEMBER 7, 1941 ... JAPAN ATTACKS AT PEARL HARBOR!



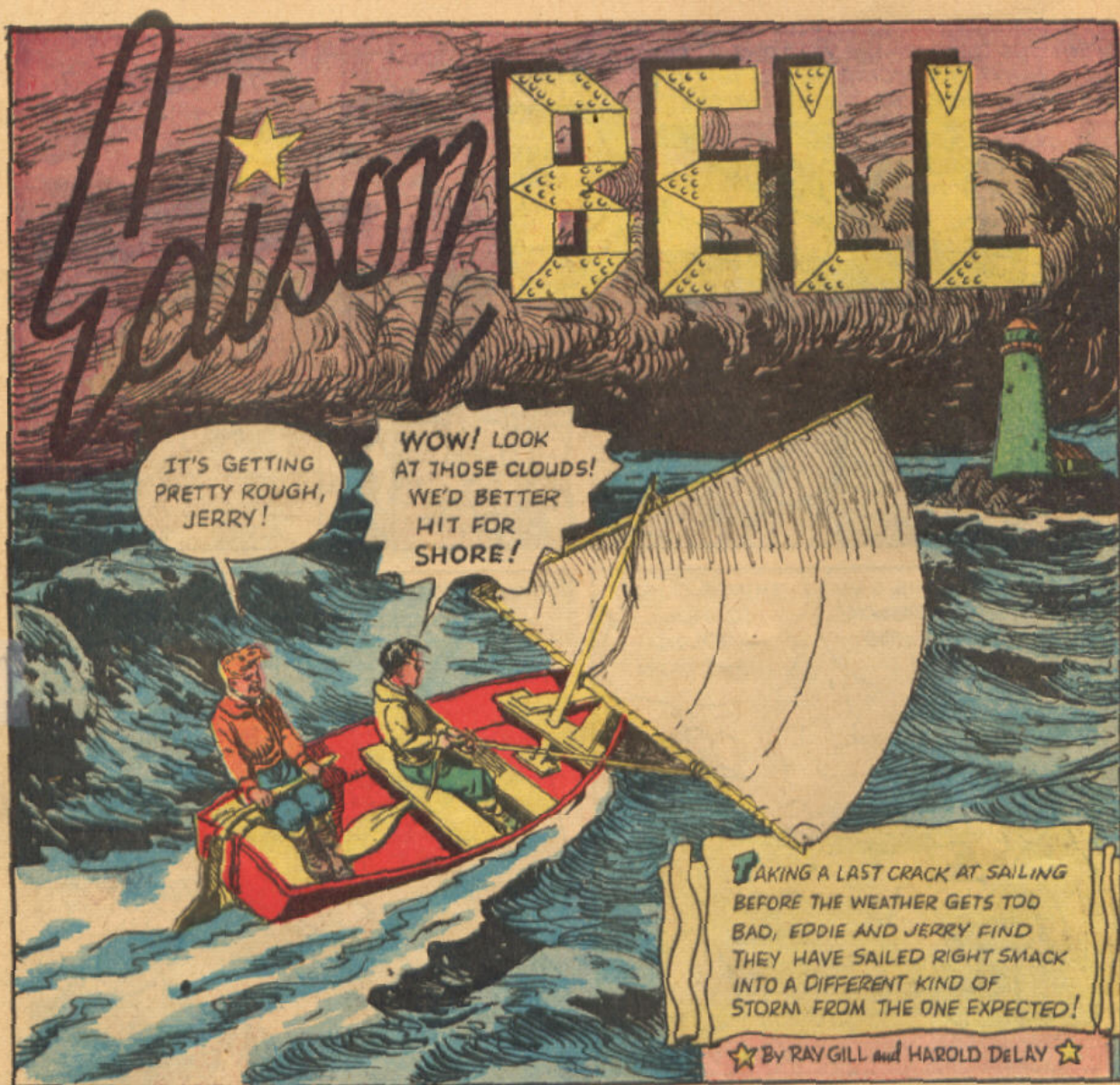
THIS IS IT! WE'VE GOT A JOB AHEAD -- THEY STARTED IT, BUT WE'LL FINISH IT!

AND "EDDIE" RICKENBACKER IS ELECTED HONORARY COMMANDER OF THE 57TH SQUADRON ... HIS OLD OUTFIT REORGANIZED AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE!

ED, THIS INSIGNIA MAKES YOU ONE OF US! **OUR HAT'S IN THE RING AGAIN!** AND WE'LL TRY TO KEEP UP THE TRADITIONS OF THE SQUADRON!

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT!





IT'S GETTING
PRETTY ROUGH,
JERRY!

WOW! LOOK
AT THOSE CLOUDS!
WE'D BETTER
HIT FOR
SHORE!

TAKING A LAST CRACK AT SAILING
BEFORE THE WEATHER GETS TOO
BAD, EDDIE AND JERRY FIND
THEY HAVE SAILED RIGHT SMACK
INTO A DIFFERENT KIND OF
STORM FROM THE ONE EXPECTED!

★ By RAY GILL and HAROLD DELAY ★



WE'D BETTER
SAIL FOR THAT
OLD LIGHTHOUSE
--WE CAN'T MAKE
IT BACK TO OUR
DOCK NOW!

OKAY! BUT,
MAKE IT
QUICK!
WE'RE
FILLING
UP!



THE SMALL BOAT ALMOST FILLED,
THEY JUST MAKE IT TO THE
SMALL ISLAND WHEN THE FULL
FURY OF THE STORM BREAKS.

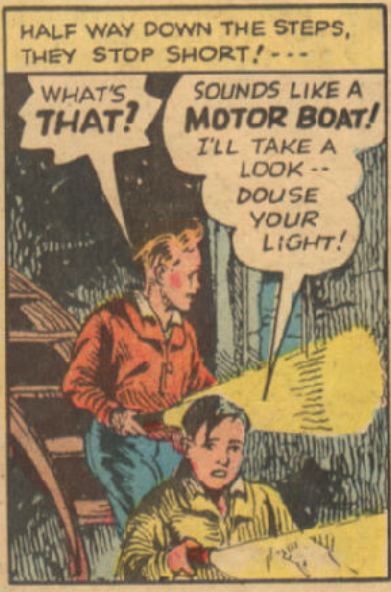
HURRY!

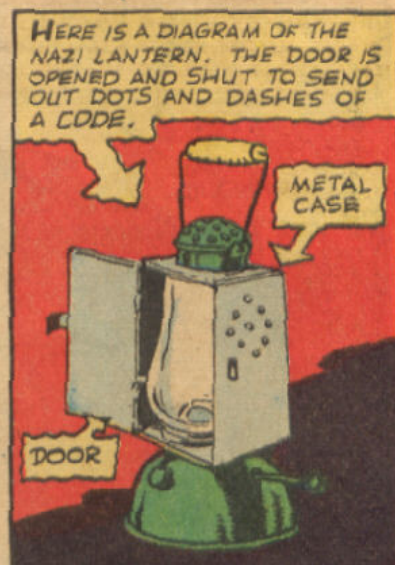
I
AM
HURRYING!



BOY!
I'M
SOAKED
THROUGH!

RIGHT! IT'S A
LONG SWIM
HOME! THE BOAT'LL
BE SAFE BEHIND
THE LIGHTHOUSE
HERE!
--INSIDE
NOW!





AT JERRY'S CALL, THE STARTLED NAZIS ALMOST KNOCK EACH OTHER OVER TO GET TO THE STAIRS!



BUT, AS THEY START DOWN THE HIGH, WINDING STEPS, EDDIE'S HAND REACHES OUT! ...



...AND TRIPS THEM!



DOWN THEY GO!



THEY'RE OUT COLD!

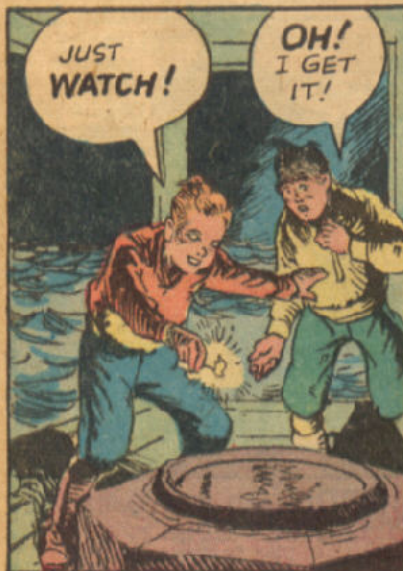


IN THE TOP ONCE MORE, THE BOYS CARRY OUT THEIR PLAN...



JUST WATCH!

OH! I GET IT!



WOW! IT'S HOT! BUT PLENTY BRIGHT!



THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF THE BRILLIANTLY-LIGHTED OLD BEACON ATTRACTS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION!



THE CUTTER PULLS UP TO THE LIGHTHOUSE AND COAST GUARDSMEN JUMP ASHORE...

TAKE COVER, MEN!

HEY! LOOK WHAT I FOUND-- A HEINIE! HE'S BEEN KONKED! WE'VE GOT A FRIEND HERE SOMEWHERE!

THE NAZIS ARE ROUNDED UP --AND EDDIE AND JERRY ARE BROUGHT DOWN --

LOOK, CAPTAIN, --KIDS!

STAND UP, PUNKS!

WELL--! FOR--

THE BOYS TELL THEIR STORY AS THEY HEAD FOR THE CUTTER.

...THEN YOU CAME... THAT'S IT!

FINE WORK! GET ABOARD -- WE'VE GOT YOUR BOAT IN TOW-- AND WE'LL SEE THAT THAT U-BOAT DOESN'T DO ANY MORE HARM!

GET THE DEPTH CHARGES, READY!

RIGHT, SIR!

HOT DOG!

AT THE APPROXIMATE SPOT, THE CUTTER'S Y-GUN HURLS TWO CHARGES--AND WATER SPOUTS INTO THE AIR!

BOOM! BOOM!

IF THAT U-BOAT IS ANYWHERE NEAR, SHE'S A GONER!

TURN ABOUT! --WE'LL CHECK ON IT!

THERE'S THE TELL-TALE SPOT OF OIL-- WE GOT HER!

HURRAY! NOW WE'LL DROP YOU LADS AT YOUR HOME DOCK!

SO LONG!

WELL, BOYS, WE'RE INDEBTED TO YOU... THANKS!

GLAD TO HAVE BEEN OF SOME HELP... YOUR JOB IS A BIG ONE. I KNOW!

GOSH!--IT'S LATE! WHAT'LL I TELL MOM?

TELL HER THE TRUTH, OF COURSE!

SURE, BUT SHE'LL NEVER BELIEVE ME!

EDDIE AND JERRY WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT BLUE BOLT!

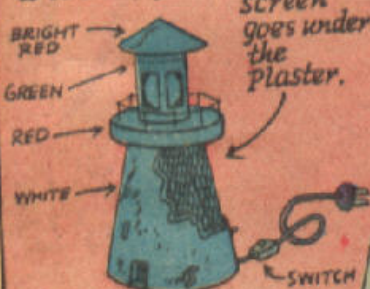


Make EDISON BELL'S LIGHTHOUSE NIGHT LAMP

ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE THIS SWELL LIGHTHOUSE NIGHT LAMP IS A LENGTH OF TIN, OR THIN COPPER, TUBING ABOUT THREE INCHES IN DIAMETER, A FEW PIECES OF WHITE PINE, SOME WINDOW SCREEN, AND PLASTER OF PARIS!...

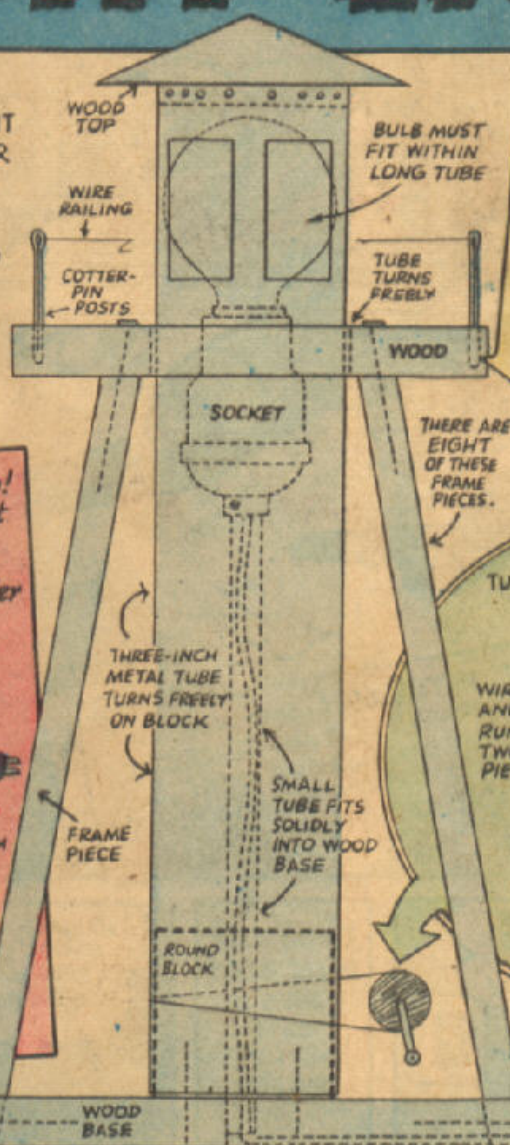
A SMALLER TUBE, ELECTRIC LIGHT BULB, SOCKET AND WIRE COMPLETE THE LIST OF MATERIALS NEEDED.

HERE'S how it looks set up! The open patch on the right is to show you how the screen goes under the plaster.



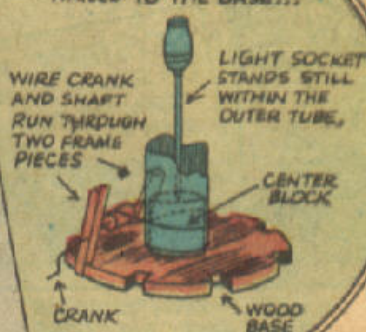
CUT DOOR AND WINDOWS BEFORE PLASTER DRIES SOLID.

TO LIGHT, PLUG INTO WALL SOCKET. IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT, PUT A SWITCH ON WIRE.



Assemble the Lamp as shown in large sketch... THE FRAME IS MADE OF WOOD AND IS LATER COVERED WITH WIRE SCREEN AND COATED WITH PLASTER OF PARIS. SIMPLE DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE PLASTER ARE ON THE PACKAGE YOU BUY. THE THREE-INCH TUBE, WITH HOLES IN THE TOP FOR THE LIGHT, IS MOVEABLE... IT TURNS!

THE LARGE TUBE TURNS ON THE ROUND BLOCK NAILED TO THE BASE...

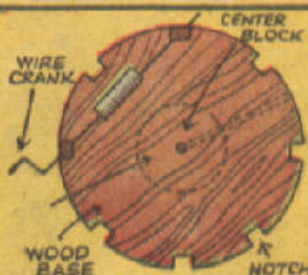


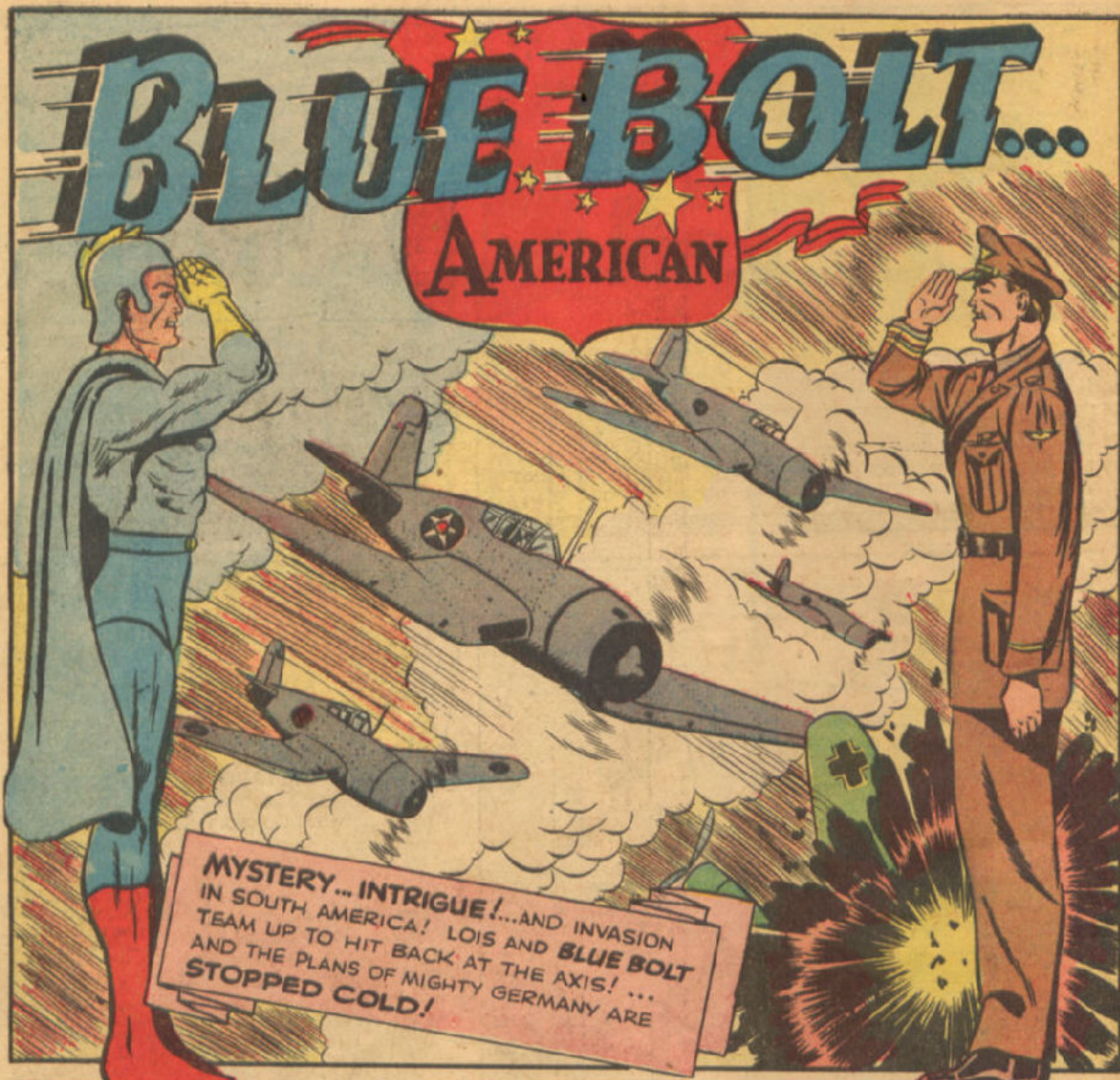
PLATFORM PIECE



CUT THE WOOD BASE AND PLATFORM PIECE WITH A COPING SAW (SMALL). NOTCH THE BASE FOR THE SIDE FRAME PIECES -- BUT NOT PLATFORM -- PIECES ARE NAILED TO UNDERSIDE OF THIS.

This unique lamp will be a colorful addition to your room or den!
Let's make it!

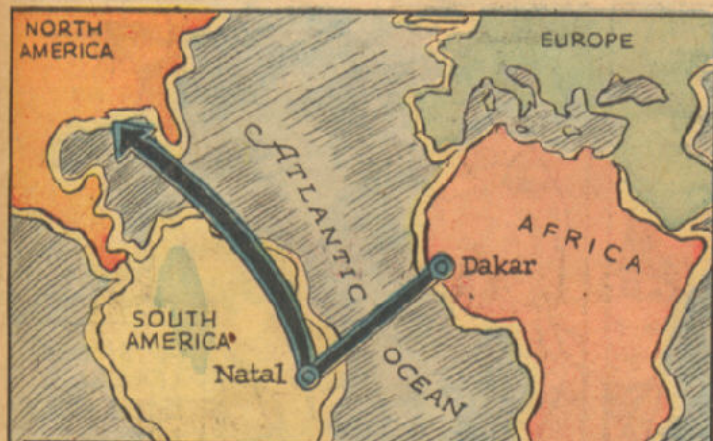




IN NO TIME, BLUE BOLT PASSES HIS TESTS-- AND HE IS OFF FOR HIS BASE!

THE DAY HE LEAVES, LOIS SEES HIM OFF AT THE STATION!





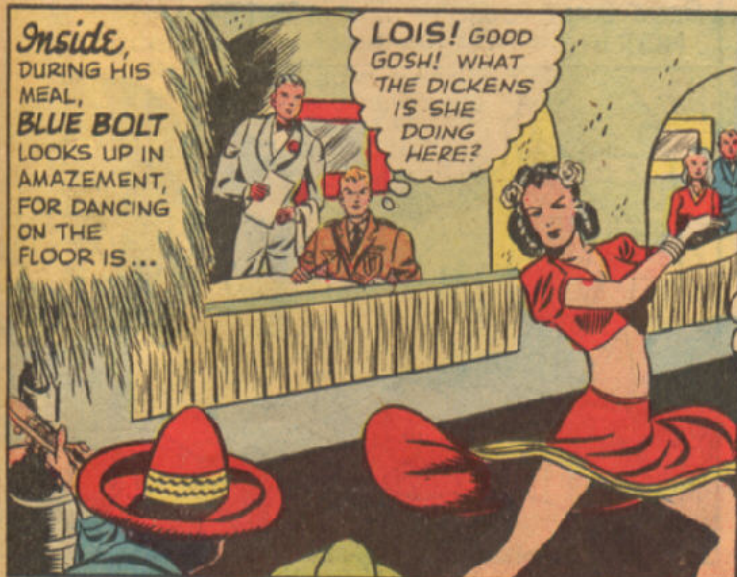
NATAL, BRAZIL -- A SCANT 1,800 MILES FROM DAKAR, THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE FOR AN AXIS INVASION ATTEMPT! AND TO NATAL **BLUE BOLT** IS SENT WITH HIS UNIT TO AWAIT THE NAZI THRUST!...

THEN, ONE EVENING, **BLUE BOLT** GOES TO A LARGE CASINO, SEEKING ENTERTAINMENT...

BOY! HERE'S WHERE I WRAP MYSELF AROUND A JUICY STEAK!



Inside, DURING HIS MEAL, **BLUE BOLT** LOOKS UP IN AMAZEMENT, FOR DANCING ON THE FLOOR IS...



...AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, LOIS SPOTS **BLUE BOLT**!

BOLTIE! AM I GLAD TO SEE HIM!

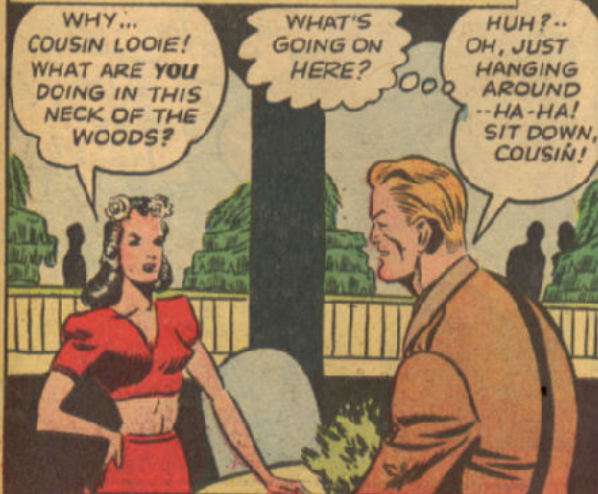


AFTER HER NUMBER... LOIS STROLLS OVER TO HIS TABLE ----

WHY... COUSIN LOOIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS NECK OF THE WOODS?

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

HUH?... OH, JUST HANGING AROUND --HA-HA! SIT DOWN, COUSIN!

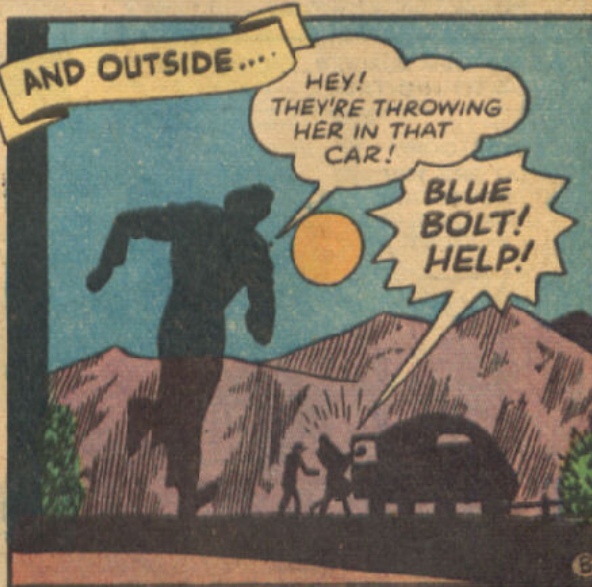
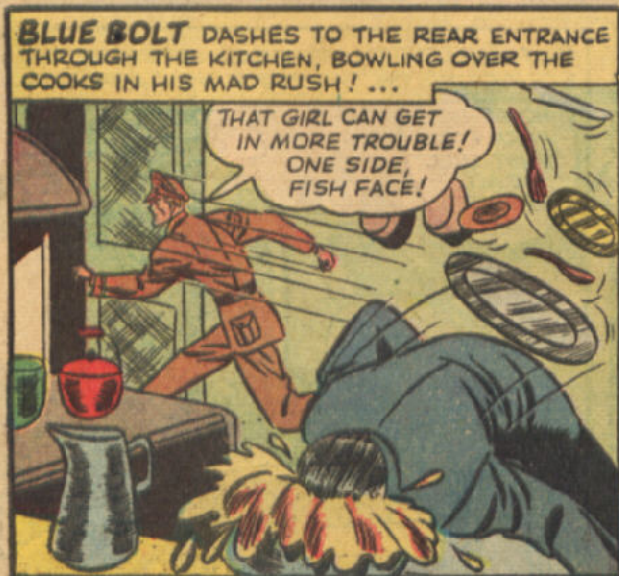
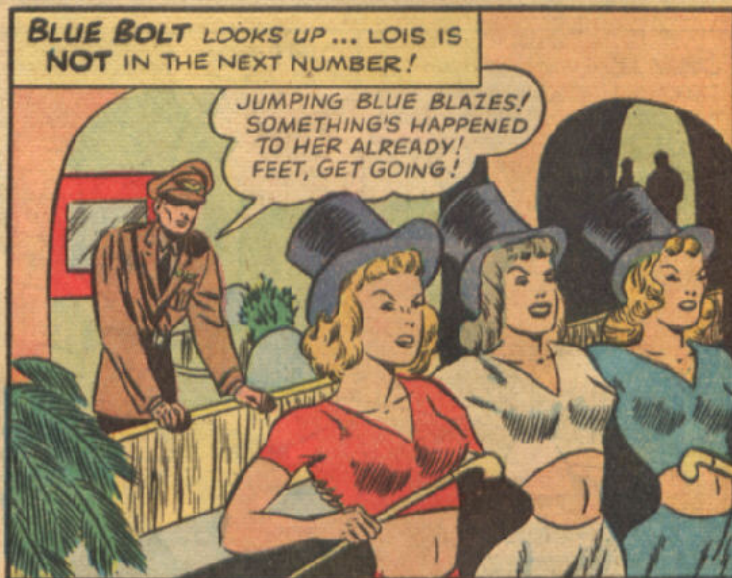
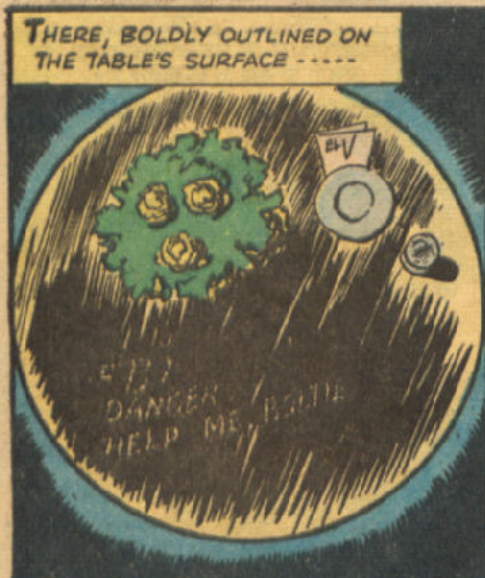
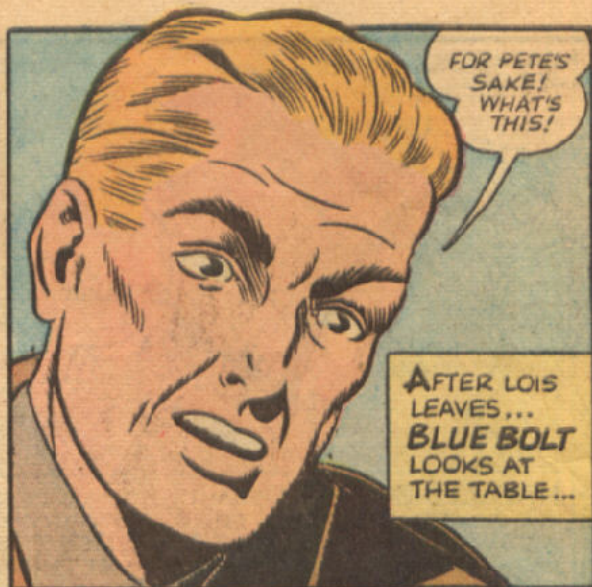


BUT... AS LOIS TALKS, HER HAND IS BUSY SCRATCHING ON THE TABLE WITH A PIN...

HOW'S THE FARM? YOU MUST TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

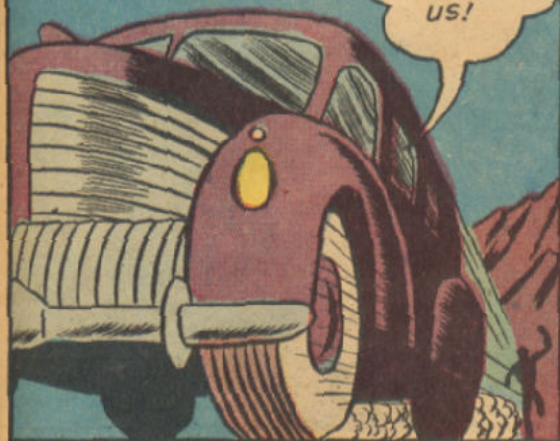
I DON'T GET THIS AT ALL!





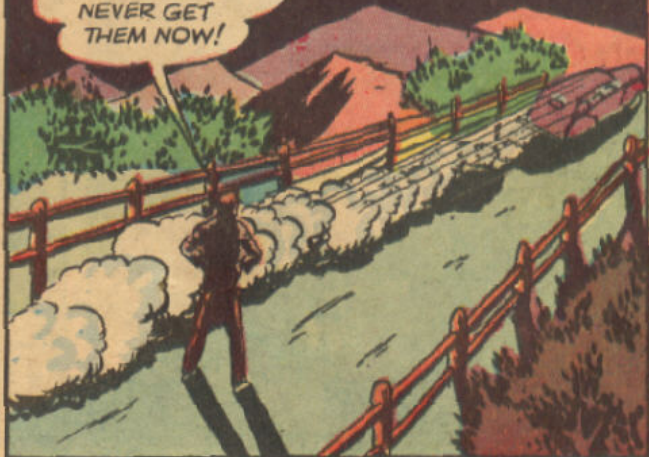
BLUE BOLT TEARS
TOWARD THE CAR!

GET
GOING! THAT
PUNK'S RIGHT
BEHIND
US!



BUT... THE CAR PULLS AWAY BEFORE
HE CAN GET NEAR IT!

NO USE! I'LL
NEVER GET
THEM NOW!



BLUE BOLT PULLS UP SHORT ---
THERE IN THE MOONLIGHT, HE
TAKES IN THE ENTIRE SCENE ---



WAIT A MINUTE!
WITH THIS SET-UP
I CAN CUT THEM
OFF EASILY!

IN A DARING ATTEMPT
TO CUT OFF THE CAR,
BLUE BOLT RUNS TO THE
CLIFF'S EDGE
AND DIVES ---

LADY LUCK!
STAY WITH
ME!



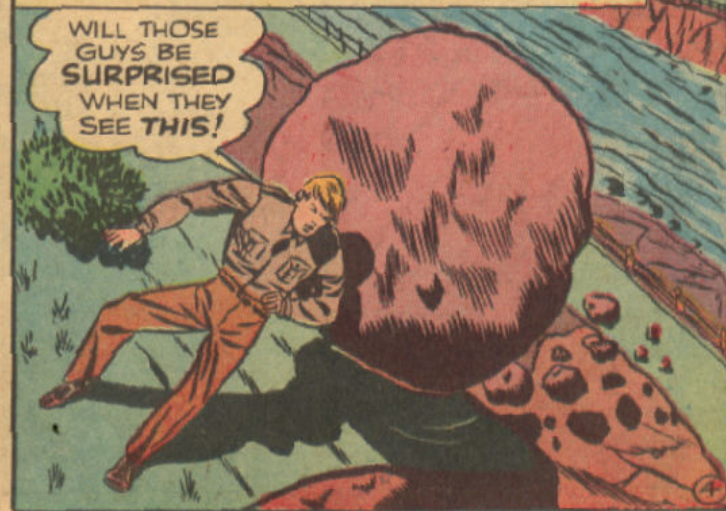
POWERFUL STROKES CARRY
HIM TO THE OTHER SIDE.
THEN ---

HERE THEY
COME! AND
THAT BOULDER
UP THERE GIVES
ME AN
IDEA!



SCRAMBLING UP THE EMBANKMENT, **BLUE BOLT**
GIVES THE HUGE BOULDER A SHOVE ---

WILL THOSE
GUYS BE
SURPRISED
WHEN THEY
SEE THIS!



THE BOULDER STOPS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD! THE CAR BRAKES, SWERVES--BUT--

LOOK OUT!
WE'RE GONNA
HIT IT!

AS THE MEN COME OUT,
BLUE BOLT DIVES IN!

THIS IS THE
END OF THE
LINE FOR YOU
MUGS!

WHAT
TH--?

COME
AND GET
IT!

OOOH!

I'LL
BREAK
YOUR
NECK!

BOTH MEN GO DOWN
UNDER BLUE BOLT'S
MIGHTY FISTS!

THROW THEM IN
THE CAR! QUICKLY!
WE'VE NO TIME
TO WASTE!

STRIKE
THREE!
YOU'RE
OUT!

THESE
MEN ARE
SPIES,
BOLTIE!

WELL, WHAT
ARE YOU
MESSING
AROUND
WITH THEM
FOR?

HOPPING IN THE CAR WITH THE
UNCONSCIOUS MEN IN THE BACK,
BLUE BOLT HEADS TOWARD
THE WATERFRONT.

WHAT'S
ALL THIS,
LOIS?

I JOINED THE F.B.I.
AND WAS SENT TO
FOLLOW THOSE MEN.
I HEARD THEM
SAY NAZI
PLANES FROM
DAKAR WILL
ATTACK HERE
TONIGHT!

REACHING THE NAVAL BASE,
BLUE BOLT PULLS UP IN
FRONT OF AN M.P. STATION...

WHAT DO
YOU WANT,
PAL?

GOT A
PRESENT
FOR YOU
-- A PAIR
OF SPIES!

WHAT?

HERE THEY ARE!
KEEP THEM IN THE
CLINK -- THERE'S
GOING TO BE
BIG DOINGS
AROUND HERE
SOON!

NAZI PLANES ARE
COMING OVER ANY
MINUTE! SPREAD
THE WORD AND
GET SOME SHIPS
IN THE AIR!

THEN ... **BLUE BOLT** RACES FOR AN
AIRCRAFT CARRIER AT THE DOCK.

I'M TAKING
A NAVY PLANE,
LOIS! YOU GET
TO A SAFE
PLACE!

BE CAREFUL,
BLUE BOLT!

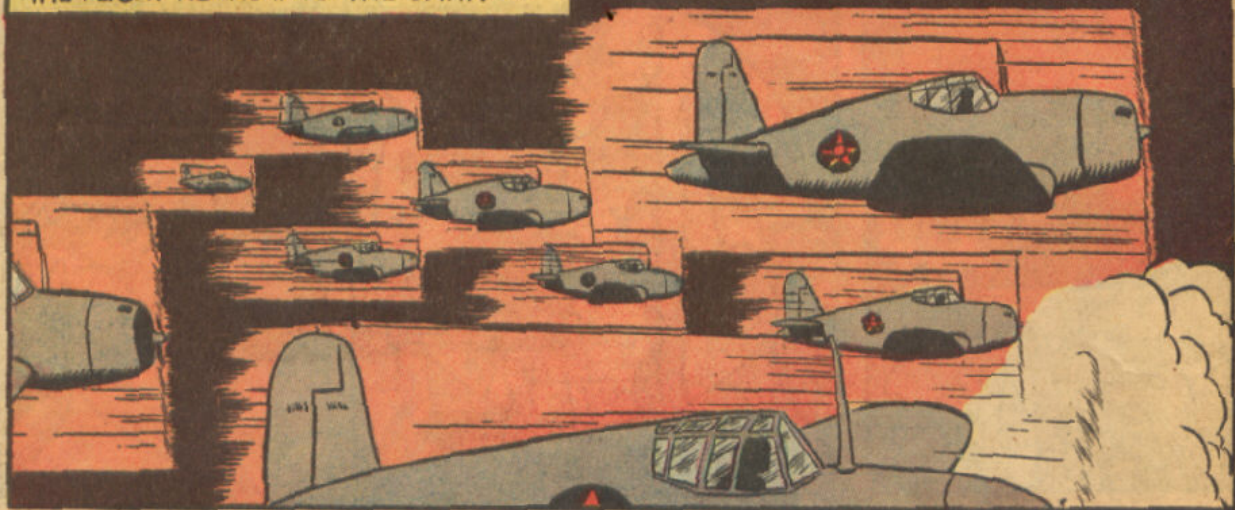
--- AND CLIMBS INTO A SLEEK NAVY PURSUIT JOB!

LET'S GO!
I'LL LEAD THE WAY!
GET THE OTHER
BOYS IN THE AIR
AS FAST AS
YOU CAN!

YES,
SIR!

HERE COME
THE REST OF
'EM! NOW FOR
THOSE
NAZIS!

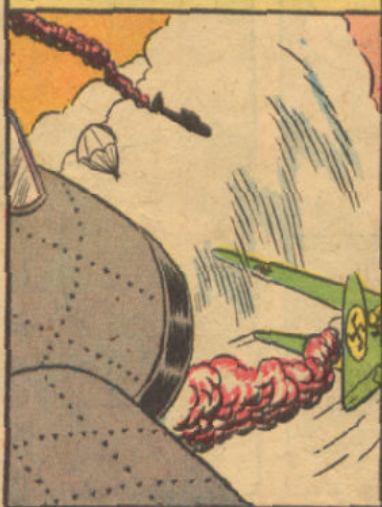
WITH POWERFUL MOTORS THROBBING,
THE FLIGHT ROARS INTO THE DAWN ---



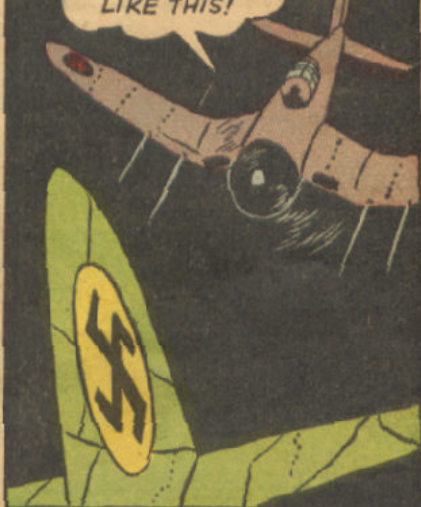
...AND MEETS THE ENEMY AT
20,000 FEET! A FURIOUS
BATTLE RAGES -----



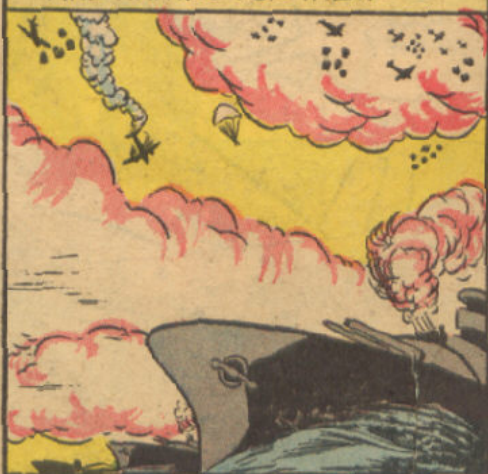
... WITH PLANES OF BOTH SIDES
GOING DOWN IN FLAMES!



YOU'LL NEVER TRY
ANOTHER STUNT
LIKE THIS!



BOMBERS THAT SLIP THROUGH, FIND A
DEADLY BARRAGE OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT
FIRE WAITING FOR THEM -----



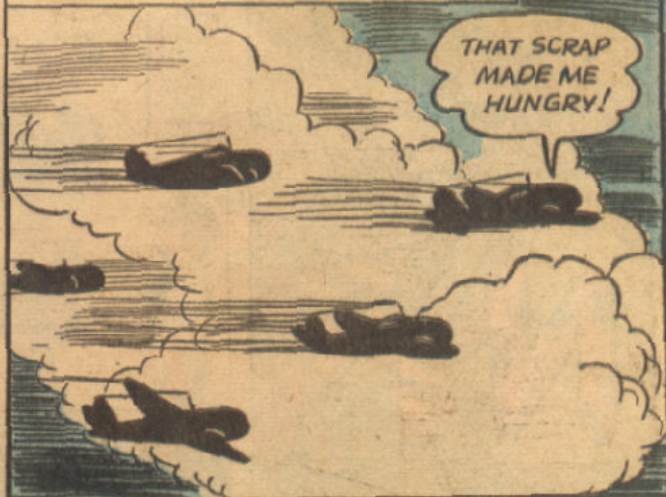
OKAY, BOYS!
BACK TO THE
CARRIER!



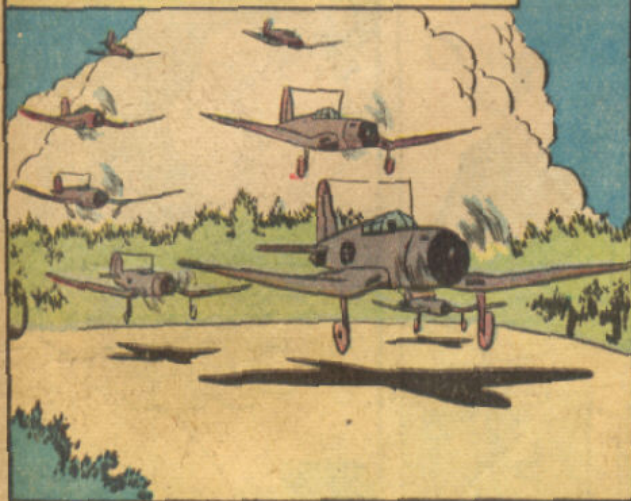
...AND AT THAT MOMENT, **BLUE BOLT** SENDS A BURST INTO THE LAST NAZI!



BACK TO NATAL AGAIN ... RETURNING VICTORIOUS AGAINST THE FOE!

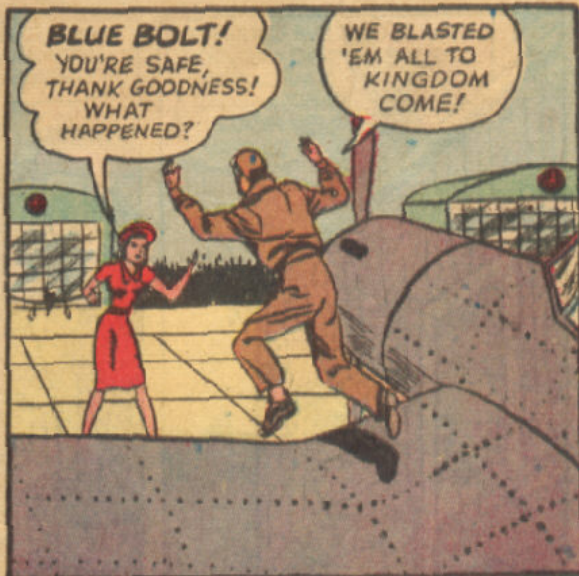


THE SQUADRON LANDS AT THE NAVAL FIELD NEAR THE WATERFRONT -----



BLUE BOLT!
YOU'RE SAFE,
THANK GOODNESS!
WHAT HAPPENED?

WE BLASTED 'EM ALL TO KINGDOM COME!



CAN'T WASTE TIME ... GOTTA SAY SO LONG! THIS JOB'S DONE, AND NOW I HAVE TO GET ON ANOTHER!

?



BEFORE **BLUE BOLT** CAN ANSWER, LOIS HOPS INTO AN OFFICIAL CAR, AND SPEEDS AWAY!

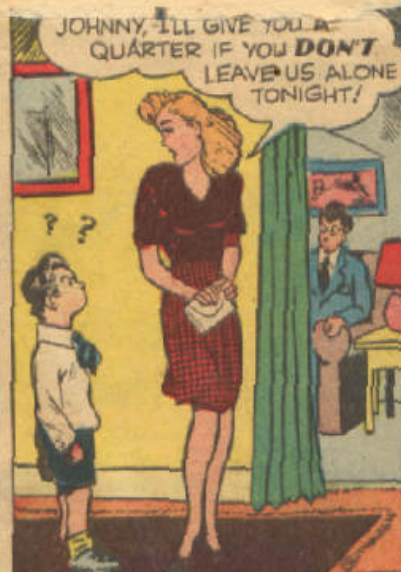
SEE YOU SOMETIME, **BOLTIE!**
TAKE IT EASY!

HELLO! GOODBYE!
WHAT A WOMAN!



WHO'S CHASING WHO?

... WHAT NEW ADVENTURE LIES AHEAD FOR THIS ACTION-LOVING PAIR?
.... MORE IN THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**



4 MOST

COMICS

MOST

A FORTUNE

**FOUR
FEATURES
FOR
YOU!**

**FORMIDABLE
PLOTS**

FOREMOST ACTION!

BE AMONG THE
FORTUNATE!

STORIES
YOU WILL
NEVER
FORGET!

DICK COLE

AMERICA'S
REAL HERO!



HE'S
TOPS!

DON'T MISS
DICK AND SIMBA
IN THE MYSTERY
OF THE
TOTEM'S EYES!
AN ALASKAN
ADVENTURE!

SUMMER ISSUE

featuring:



taken from the
most popular characters
in your
FAVORITE COMICS!



WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT
RETURNED BY POPULAR DEMAND!



**KING
OF THEM
ALL!**

WOW!

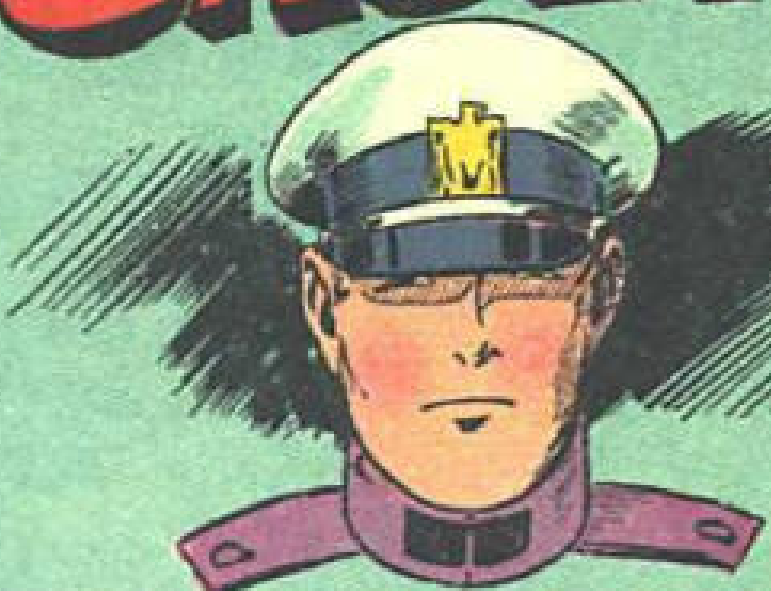
WAIT TILL
YOU READ

EDISON BELL!



FAST ACTION! HUMAN INTEREST!
...PLUS **SIX** GADGETS FOR **YOU!**

AND KIT CARTER THE
CADET



YESSIR! KIT SNAPS INTO ONE OF HIS FASTEST YARNS THIS TIME!

EXTRA!

MEET...



DAN'T FLANNEL!

...YOU'LL LIKE THIS SOLID
CITIZEN OF THE MISSISSIPPI...
AND HIS **MANY FRIENDS!**

GET **YOUR** COPY
OF

4 MOST

NOW! NOW! NOW!

---WE WOULDN'T WANT
YOU TO MISS THIS BIG
ISSUE! ... IT'S ONE OF THE
THE BEST!

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